

THE
Rebellion of NAPLES,
OR THE
TRAGEDY
OF
MASSENELLO.
Commonly so called :

But Rightly
TOMASO ANIELLO DI MALFA
Generall of the Neopolitans.

WRITTEN
By a Gentleman who was an eye-witnes
where this was really Acted upon
that bloody Stage, the streets
of NAPLES.

Anno Domini MDCXLVII.

*Nec labore, nec judicio, nec magnanimitate, nec in-
te'lligentia: sed jungantur & tunc maxima
obtineantur.*

Printed at London for J.G.&G.B at Furnivals-
Inne Gate in Holborne, MDCIL.



The Fish is caught, the Net is under foot,
Whilst Fool's cry Shall I shall leave go to't,
The silly Fish, whilst left but one leave
And can see through the Net, but one leave
But Sacrifice to't
Burne Incense to't
All

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THE
JOURNAL OF A
TRAVELLER

IN
THE
MOUNTAINS OF
THE
HIMALAYAS

BY
J. H. STUART
OF THE
INDIAN ARMY

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I
LONDON
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AT THE
INDIAN OFFICE
AND
AT THE
INDIAN ARMY OFFICE

1831



TO
*The Right Worshipfull his Honoured
Kins-man, John Caesar of Hyde
hall, in the County of Hert-
ford, Esquire.*

Sir,

 Here are many reasons wherefore
I should dedicate this Tragedy to
your selfe : and let great *Tomaso*;
fall at no other feet then yours ! The one
is, I attained to the observation of all the
particulars at your charge ; and reason it
is, that I should tender to none other but
your self, the fruites which grew upon the
sien that was grafted upon your stocke. So
that my writings, and *Tomasoes* fall, are
both tributes which belong to *Cesar*. The
most famous Poets that ever had a being,
A 2 were

The Epistle Dedicatory.

were never so wel pleased with their greatest Patrons, as I am with mine: they who had the best, had onely *Cæsars*, to be Judges of their Poems excellence: but I have *Cæsar* not onely to be my Judge, but a witnesse also of the truth of what I write: nor can I fear the censure of any inferiors, after that I have made my appeale to *Cæsar*. Sir, there is another reason which is occasioned by the remembrance of an *Italian* Proverbe.

Respetto son le ballie di charetza, Respect is the nurser of friendship. Sir, wee have been Comrades together through divers Countries, we have been joynt-purchasers of many favours, and honours; and fellow-sufferers of as many miseries: wee have waded hand in hand together, through the greatest dangers, and (guided onely by necessity) fording through deepe and running rivers of calamities we were carried down the stream into an ocean of perplexities, out of which we were at last cast upon an Island, which upon our arrivall wee soon found to be our own. Such Passages
as

The Epistle Dedicatory.

as these, as they could not be otherwise then mutual obligations to one another of the highest nature, so they could be no lesse then the highest motives to the greatest love. Now to foster up this issue of travaile, to a full proportion of respect, whereby this friendship should be maintained, I thought good to preserve it from such an oblivion, as these thin paper walls will give me leave, and to Dedicate both my selfe and it to be always ready at your commands, who am,

Cousen,

*Your most faithfull
Servant,*

T. B.

To the Reader.

THough this Tragedy (for the existent part thereof, and setting the liberty which Poets use to assume to themselves aside, as their birth-right by the lawes of Poetry) be true, and reall, and a worke both begun and finished in a strange Country, and by a stranger to these proceedings, yet I am perswaded that there are some, who will not beleieve otherwise, but that I use Duck policy in my writing, who biding her head under the water, discovers her own nakednes. Caput inter nubila condit. Saith another, I warrant you this man drives at notable and remarkable passages of State, if we could understand him. And though Naples be the Scene, yet he plaisters his bills upon the walls and gates of London. Truly I know a pick-lock can do no harme to the doore where there is no key to any locke: and if there be any thing in my booke which points at the present condition of our affairs, I assure you the times are busie with me, and not I with the times. Types must agree with their antitypes, like a paire of Indentures, which being compared together seem one and the same, so if you take the whole substance of this Tragedy and compare it with our transactions, you will finde that the same pen-knife never went between them, if there be any thing therefore that contents you, fare wel; But if ye cry rost-meate where there is no dinner, you shall have knotted bulrushes for your Sallet.

Your Servant,

T. B.

The


The names of the severall Actors.

D. Di Arcas Vice Roy of Naples.
Antonio Sonne to the Vice Roy.
Cardinall Filomerino
Duke di Mattalongo.
Ursino Lord Chamberlaine.
Montasto Lord Controller.
Massenello the Generall.
Genuino Secretary to Massenello.
Lord Treasurer,
Father Antony the Hermite.
Eletto di popolo.
Peron Capitaine of the Bandites.
Don Peppe Brother to the Duke.
Sir Burlameo an Ingineir, &c.

The names of the Women Actors.

Mariammas Mother to the Generall.
Agatha Wife to the Generall.
Flora Eldest daughter to the Generall by a
former wife.
Ursula Youngest daughter by this wife.
Bonella an old woman flatterer.

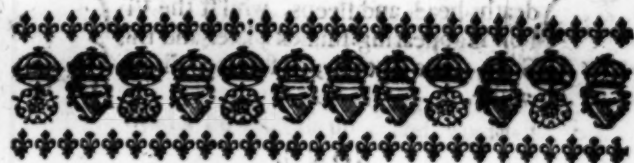
Pro-



Prologue.

Court'ous spectators, you must know that
Who is the writer of this Tragedy. (he
Was actor and spectator in't: who means,
Here to present it into Acts and Scenes:
If you are pleas'd with truth, the storie's true,
And if with novelties, the subject's new,
If wonders do delight ye: on this Stage
Acted is the greatest wonder of our age.
Or if you'r pleas'd with seasonable things,
Here's fightings'twixt the people and their
Or if sad melancholy hath you sent (Kings,
Hither for pastime, here is merriment.
And if truth, wonder, novelties, mirth, season
Do not content you, sirs, you have no reason.

THE



THE
REBELLION
OF
NAPLES.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter Father Anthony, the Prophetick Eremit, all hairy, and a deaths head under his arm; he falls asleep upon his staffe, awakes and speaks.

Fa:
Ant.



Shall not be able to get into any Cell: such another fit of drow-sineste fell upon me; when I saw the Vision of the Sun; which the most Catholique King wears for his Crest, run back so many degrees——then was I——as I am now——ready to drop down with heaviness: he that cannot hold up any longer, must needs lie down.

B

He

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{ He lies down, laying his head upon his
death's head, and sleeps, whilst the Vi-
sion is appearing. Musick plaies, and this
Song, as a Chorus, is singing all the
while. }

SONG.

*This is the state of Kingly Glory,
Kings they are but transitory:
Beggars they ascend the Throne,
Vengeance light on every one.
They w^d had all things at their beck,
Here they ride, and break their neck.
Rise, O King, and nere relent,
Here's a Throne from Heaven sent;
With a Scepter, Crown and Ball;
Longest Liver must take all.
Abundant riches shall show'r down:
Then go fetch another Crown.*

{ Whilst this Song is in singing, there
appears a Vision of little Boyes: One
whereof, King-like, in War-like state,
ascends the Throne; after that, a Com-
pany of Beggar-boyes pull down the
King, throwing him to the ground, snatch-
ing away his Crown, Globe and Scepter,
who lies in a trance; the Beggar-boyes
all in clusters get up into, and upon the
Throne: The Throne breaks, it thun-
ders and lightens, and they all run away.
After that, melodious musick; the King
rises up, stands dejectedly, whilst a
Throne descends from above, with a
Crown, Globe and Scepter in it; he as-
saies }

The Tragedie of MASSENELLO.

3

{saies the Crown , and settles it upon his
head ; he takes the Glöbe and Scepter in
his hands, and sears himself in the Throne:
It rains first wheat, and then gold upon
his head ; he ascends up , and vanish-
eth.

Post tempestatem tranquillitas, After a storm comes a calm ; first, famine and fury ; then, plenty and riches. This was not revealed unto me , but for some use that I should make thereof : What though Spain contemn my warnings, it may be Naples will not: if I can do any good, then ——— so : if not ——— so, so.

Fa. Ant.
rouses
himself,
& speaks

Exit.

SCEN. II.

Enter Massenello and Genuino.

Gen. I've given you instructions ; which if you follow, the Town's ours.

Mass. Worthy Patron, this bulk and vessel of mine, shall strike, or hoize up sail, or tack about, agreeable to the wind of your words ; and steer accordingly, and imploy all her Oares, to further what you breathe. Provided alwaies, that what you advise, be still for the good of the Republique. O the dear people of God, the too too much abused people, they shall never want my pains and best endeavours to do them good.

Gen. About it then, Talk is but talk, 'tis mony buyes land ; wit commands money ; discretion governs wit ; expedition is the life of action, but delaies are dangerous.

Mass. About, say you? why I'll run or flie
To serve the *Popolo*, I'll live, I'll die.

Exit Mass.

Gen. So : if my Engin holds, I'll batter the lofty
Tower,

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Tower, that so much threatens depopulations ; and level the high wals of Government , with the earth they stood upon : The Axe is already laid to the root of that aspiring Tree , that us'd such droppings on those under-succours, that they could neither rise, nor grow, and spreads her flourishing leaves at such a breadth , that her head cannot perceive the stroaks she now receives , even at her root , till down she falls , that all her Royall Branches lye like spreys upon the ground : I've found a fit subject for to work upon : the man is bold and resolute , active and quick of apprehension ; and prodigies run still along with his expressions : The severall opinions which the world conceives of the simplicity of this poor Fisher-man , shall serve for light and ayeriall corks , whil'st the profound and weighty principles , wherewith *I* have instructed him , shall serve for so many leads and plummets to that net , that shall take whole draughts of Politicians ; that shall drive them from swimming in their deeps, and force them to such exigents , that the most contemptible and mean hands, shall take them in their shallows : and well ye have deserv'd it , ye ear-wigs to Kings ; you that think the Sacred Unction not sufficient to anoynt your King , except it mingled with the peoples tears.

'Tis you that crown the Royall Temples with Thorns instead of Gold , and put Reeds into their hands instead of Scepters : It is you that have brought the people from feeding on the food that was ordain'd by God , to live on fruit ordain'd by you : And yet not resting there , you have put Excise on that : And worse then Catterpillars, who only were devourers of the fruit upon their trees, ye have crept into the poor man's basket , and eat a third part of every apple out of the childrens hands : And when I withstood these impositions , as my place and duty bound me , with all the pressing arguments of pity and compassion : As if my words were charms , they

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they stopt their ears, like Adders; and I, for my piety and good advice, was sent to *Spain*, upon an honourable Embassie, to carry *Beleropho* his Letters: which lodg'd me in the dungeon; so that 500 leagues, and more, I was forc'd to carry mine own prison, and a Letter, whose lines were all as strong as Irons. But now I'm here ready to act the sweetest of all sins, revenge: Nor will I let it fall like rain upon them, or distill my fury drop by drop, but I will pour my anger forth.

For all is now at stake; the Die is cast:

I expect my chance; the Rubicon is past.

Exit Gen.

SCENE III.

{ A noyse within, crying, Down with the }
{ Excise, no Excise, no Excise, &c. }

Enter *Massenello*, with the rabble rout,
with canes in their hands.

Omnes. One and all, one and all, one and all, &c.

Mass. My Masters, now we are full-bodied, let us chuse a Head, otherwise we shall be subject to confusion; and no man knows what to do, or whom to obey.

Omnes. A *Massenello*, A *Massenello*, A *Massenello*, &c.

{ They hoise him up upon mens shoulders, }
{ and proclaim, }

Tomaso Amello di Malfa, Generall of
the *Neopolitanes*.

Enter the *Eletto di popolo*.

Eletto. What means this Tumult? Wherefore are these stirs? For what's this insurrection? How occasioned is this commotion? My Masters, if from the Excise, that is on fruit your discontents arise, I'll undertake

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to ease all your grievances, satisfy all your desires: Let me suffer, let my Wife and Children be sacrifices for the people's good, if I procure not this good unto the people: Let my house, and all within it, suffer in the just flames of your high insensments, if I do not procure you all the contentment that your hearts can wish: Only be satisfied for the present, till satisfaction for the future may be had; which may be no less welcome unto you, then peaceable unto all.

Mass. *Don Eletto di popolo*, In answer to your grave and learned speech; you must know, that the horse now knows his own strength, and is beholding to you for his understanding, and will not answer your switch and spur so readily as he was wont: they will not take it at your hands, nor at your heels, as heretofore; they will not be rid off their legs, nor out of wind, by every hot spur; Apes must not think to ride fierce Mastiffs, and box them into conformity, now the muzzle's off.

Sir, in a word, our pressures were intolerable; and when the Ass's back is broke, it is time to take off the burthen. Our resolution's this; We will not have the lesser rule the greater strength, nor the fewer rule the multitude, nor one rule all; and that's our resolution.

Eletto. Noble Sir —

Mass. Noble Fool: dost thou think to catch *Tomaso* with thy courtly terms?

Omnes. He prates, he prates, we have had } *They use*
enough of this prating, we will have no more } *violence*
prating. } *to him.*

Mass. *Andiamo.*

Viva Massenello, viva, viva, Massenello } *Using violence*
 } *to the Eletto de*
 } *popolo.*

Exeunt.

SCEN.

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SCEN: IV.

Enter Vice-Roy of Naples, Lord Treasurer, Lord Chamberlain, Lord Controuler. Attendants.

Vice-Roy. **M**Y Lord, I pray you let me peruse the Letter Roy. **M**over again—must? the command is peremptory: I would to God, that when they send such mastie Letters our of Spain, for such large sums after sums of money, they would be pleased to direct us waies how we must come by them.

Lord Treas. And't please your Majestie, the Excise that's laid on fruit, brings money in apace, and the tax is sure and constant; and a sum of money that will strike a great stroke into the sum that is demanded, may be advanced out of that, if it so like your Majestie.

Vice-Roy. How great sums of money out of that? Poor people! how they shrink under the burthien we are forc'd to lay upon them: And having laid Excise on all things upon earth, on fire, in water, the people fly to see what immunities there are in air, and seek for priviledges in the tops of trees; and how they may make free meals upon their fruit: but cruelty hath cast up such a trench, whose quick-fets are now grown so high, that they have now (even) enclos'd the common air.

Mont. Good your Majestie, be not pleas'd to aggravate too much the hardnesse either of your own, or their condition; no Kingdom wherein the people in their severall degrees live more happily, then in this flourishing Kingdom of NAPLES, and under your Government: Whereon it stands, like a Mountain, firm upon its basis. Are not the Laws duly executed? Do not the Nobility live in a most splendid and glorious equipage? The Gentry in a most illustrious and seemly decorum? But as for this same Popolo, this profanum vul-

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gus, this *bellua mortuorum capitum*, these Bores, Pesants and Commons, Goodmen and Gassers, their backs were made for burthens, and their hands for labour: How will you make your saucies, if you will not squeeze your Oranges? Or Wine, if you will not presse the Grape? How shall the King of *Spain's* Souldiers eat bread, if you will not tread the Corn out of the straw? Nature never intended, that the Ass should be stall-fed: nor did you ever hear of such creatures pampered up, till they were provender-prickt.

Ursino. Come, come my Lord Controuler, this is not well to pick thanks from some one or two, you draw upon your head the curses of a multitude; and to please some one, you care not though you displease all: but we have too many such now adaies, it would be better if it were otherwise.

Mont. Lord Chamberlain, I envy not your Lordship's popularity, which I never esteemed otherwise then a feather in a fool's cap.

Ursino. My Lord, you said too much; if you do not understand your self, I do; if you have forgotten in whose presence you are, I have not: However, this I shall be bold to tell your Lordship, though it be in the Kings hearing, though you have put the Ass upon the people, you shall not put the fool on me. Had we alwaies day, we had need of no other Favours, but the Suns: but seeing we have as many nights, we stand in need of smaller lights; that favour doth not alwaies last.

And 'gainst the favour sets, which light debars;
I'll think of being beholding to the stars.

Exit L. Chamberl.

Mont. Good night to your Lordship.

Vice-Roy. My Lord, you did not well: I do not like these janglings, they bode mischief, they portend no good:
my

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my mind presages evil ; and these quarrellings are a bad Omen , and put me in mind of a scurvy dream I dream'd last night. Methought I was in *Spain*, hunting the *Tauros*; and whil'st I was ready for the encounter, the furious beast made at me with more heads then had *Briarins* hands; and methought looking how, and where to charge , standing near unto a Poplar tree , the wind blew the falling leaves so thick into my face, that I could neither see , nor breath ; so that the furious beast bare me to the ground : whereupon I awak't , and found my self in the jaws both of danger and dishonour.

Enter *Ursino* puffing and blowing , with
the *Eletto di popolo*.

Vice-Roy. The news , my Lord ? Heaven defend us ; their looks speak nothing but distraction and horreur : speak out, my Lord , what's the matter ?

Urs. I met with the *Eletto di popolo* ; here, let him tell his own tale.

Eletto. O Sir, all the City is risen , commotions are in every part thereof, and the insurrection grows higher and higher.

V. Roy. Now my dream is out : silence : go speedily , and from me , assure them of all the satisfaction can be given them.

Eletto. I have done it already.

V. Roy. You did not do it from me?

Eletto. I have, my Leige.

V. Roy. Do it again.

Eletto. I have engaged my life , the lives of my Wife and Children, and all I have, and they will not hear a word: they say, you have broken your promise with them so oft, that they will not believe a word you say , or what is said in your behalf.

V. Roy. Away, make hast, run, fly, tell them , swear, protest , call God to witnesse , that I intend it , and that

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that you know my intentions to be such, as will give them satisfaction, not only in this, but in more then they desire.

Elsetto. I'll go ; but God bleſſe me, for I fear Hel's broke loose.

Urf. Now, my Lord, Sunshine : how goes the day by your Clock?

Mont. Marry I think it is almost upon the ſtroke of twelve.

Urf. You ſhall hear it ſtrike one by and by.

Mont. One and twenty, with all my heart, and we may but ſtrike a ſaſt as they. Sir. what will you do? Will you, that I gather ſtrength? and we will cruſh this Cockatrice in the egge, and deſtroy the Monster, whilſt the Dam is in her labour : I'll be the Midwife that ſhall welcom it by peice meals into the world.

Urf. The King is wiſer, or I could wiſh he were.

Exit L. Chamb.

V. Roy. My Lord, It is not long ſince your Lordſhip told me, that the Kingdoms Government ſtood firm, as doth a Mountain, on its Ballance ; but now it can be compared to no Mountain, except *Vesuvius*, whoſe flames do run a head, whoſe big ſwollen breſt vomits out ſulphurs more prodigious then that : *NAPLES* was then prefer'd from that eruption, by a contrary wind ; and ſo it muſt be now too, what you breath, or others may be pleas'd to think, as a preſent remedy, *Nec vult panthera domari*, the people will not, like a Town-top, fall aſleep with ſcourging: I have ſeen an unruly horſe, when all harſh means could not prevail, ſtand ſtill with ſtroking : I'll try that way ; when I grant them all, they can aſk no more.

Mont. Sir, they will not be ſatisfied with all you grant, except you will grant your ſelf to be nothing.

V. Roy. I'll warrant you ; I have ſent unto them, and you ſhall

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shall hear they will be satisfied : they are men , and men have reason , and reason will tell them when they are well.

Mont. I tell you, Sir, they are men, and men of reason, yet injur'd men ; and there are Devils amongst those men ; who laying hold upon the peoples former discontent, sow such fears and jealousies in the hearts of the people , that nothing shall satisfy , till they have brought their Devilish , and so long hatch'd design, to some effect.

Enter L. Chamberlain.

Vrs. O Sir, the people are all mad, and both their madnesse and themselves increase : they would not hear the *Eletto di popolo*, but offered violence to his person : so that he is hardly escap'd , if he be escap'd at all, and they are all marching towards the Palace.

V. Roy. Go , give command the Palace be well guarded : What a tempest is here all upon the sudden ?

Mont. O , are you advis'd of that now ? pray God it be n'r too late.

Exit L. Contr.

V. Roy. O thou Angel guardian ! lead me by the hand, through this Wildernesse of wild beasts and mases , whose intricate, and so difficult windings, are never to be found out , but by the highest providence , and your assistance, keep my senses from distraction , and let no fear out my reason from its proper office.

Enter L. Contr.

Mont. O Sir , you are betray'd by your own Guard , who most cowardly and traiterously , upon the approach of the rabble , have put out all their matches, and turn'd the muzzles of their muskets downwards, and stood like so many senselesse statues , as if every soul had suffered an Eclipse, whilst the rout entred the gates,

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the gates; and possess themselves of the Palace.

V. Roy. Base mungrel curs: have they taught their musket-barrels to submit to Canes? and have their chines of beef bred no better spirits in the blood within their veins, then to give way to apple-feeders? Dumb dogs! could they neither bark, nor bite?

Mont. Sir, it is no time to expostulate, but to save your self.

V. Roy. Save my self: from whom? From Apple-parings? From men whose veins are fill'd with nothing but the juice of Plums? Shall the Scepter submit to a company of Reeds? I, I, be gon, be gon; see how the wind blows chaffe away: though none stood to me, I should think my self as strongly armed as *Jove*, that holds thunder enough in one hand, to frighten a world of men.

L. Contr. Sir, What do you mean? Your Friends have all left you, you are alone.

V. Roy. No, thou art here, my Friend *Montalto*; they were never Friends of mine; for Friends would never leave me thus. O adversity! thou touchstone of mens hearts; I see thou art good for something; forsaken of all; power is fallen to the ground, and no advice remains to help it up: experience, you are come too late to tell me, that,

That Prince his Throne is staid up but in parts,
That it's not supported by the peoples hearts.

Exit V. Roy.

{ *Massenello*, and the rout, rush in; *Mont.*
draws, and hinders them from pursuing
the Vice-Roy. }

Mont. Stand: what would you have?

Mass. Silkworm: put up thy Sword: offer but to resist us in the least degree, or to disobey us but in a riddle, and thou hadst as good eat thunder, or engage lightning within thy bosom, instead of air: Where's the Vice-Roy?

Mont.

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Mont. I do not know; or if I did, I would not tel you.

{ Massenello strikes at him, and he makes }
his way through them all.

Mass. Divide your selves, and search the King there;
whil'st we search here.

{ They go out at severall doores, and the first party }
finds him, and drags him upon the Stage.

1. Hold; let's bring him to the Mercato; and what we
do, do there in the sight of all the people.

2. Will it please your Majestie to give me leave to take
you by the collar?

3. And I to take you by the locks?

4. Come along, Jackanapes with a Whim-wham.

Omnes. Viva il popolo, viva, viva, &c.

{ The Vice-Roy putting his hands into }
his pockets, takes out hands full of chi-
kcens, and throws them up into the air;
the people fall a scrabbling for the gold,
whil'st the King escapes.

Enter Massenello, and the other party.

Mass. What's the matter?

Omnes. We have found him, we have found him, here
he is.

Mass. Where? Where is he? Where is the Vice-
Roy? What's become of him? Have you lost him?
Who had him? No man speak? What's that you were
scuffling for? Chikeens? How came they to be thrown
amongst you?

Omnes. The King threw them.

Mass. Capitra! Was there ever known such fools,
to grasp at shadows, and to lose the substance thus? You
all shew your selves to be what you are, and not men like-
ly to go through with such a work. I hope you see your er-
rour now: and that it may be so no more, seeing you have
made

made me your Generall, I pronounce it death, henceforth, for any man to keep or preserve any thing, that is the estate of any Delinquent whatsoever, be they Chariots or Horses, Pearls or precious Stones, Cloths of Gold or Silver, but let them all burn, and let Delinquents Houses be fuell for Delinquents goods; that all the World may know, we have not enterpris'd this businesse to enrich our selves, but to vindicate the common liberty: Death and damnation be his lot, that dares transgresse a tittle of that which I command.

That all the World may know our equitie,
Were he ten thousand Brothers, he should die.

Omnes. Viva, viva, viva, &c.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Duke di Mattaloon, and Captain of the Castle,
as severall doers.

Duke **W** Here's the Captain of the Castle?
Mat. **Capt.** Here.

Mat. Make hast, and call the Souldiers together, man your Walls, draw up your Bridges, load your Cannon, charge your Muskets, light your Matches, beat your Drums, call to the Parade, He's broke loose, and the Devil leads the dance: O, I fear me, the Vice Roy hath suffered already in this tumult.

Enter *L. Count.*

L. Count. No, hee's safe as yet, though seiz'd upon by the rudest hands, at a dead life: the Vice Roy turn'd Conjuror, cast a golden apparition before their eyes, and so escaped their clutches.

D. Mat. How Conjuror? What golden apparition? Prethee do not trifle with us now: Where's the King? What's become of him?

L. Count.

The Tragedie of MASSENELLO. 25

L. Conr. He is safely hous'd in the next Convent, where, if you send (presently) but the smallest guard, to prevent the worst; they knowing not what is become of him, you may easily conduct him to this Castle.

Mat. Captain, make all the hast you can, with what Guard is next at hand, and guard the Vice-Roy hither.

Capt. It shall be done.

Enter Vice-Roy, in a Friars habit.

Vice. *Q*uem queritis adsum?

Roy. *Mat.* My Lord the King, welcom, as is *Edreum*, to a new come soul: how I can'd your Majesty?

V. Roy. As a bird out of the snare, or as a brand out of the fire, engag'd by the hairs, both of my head and beard, hands laid hold upon my collar, and no part of my body unseas'd on.

Mat. Strange outrage! and unheard of insolence! how got you loose?

V. Roy. I shov'd down gold upon their heads, which loos'd their hands: so that whil'st they were scrambling for the money, I escaped to the next Convent, and so hither. This is the habit of Father *Anthony*, that holy man, whom I found there; having purposely left the Woods to forewarn me of this mischief, but happened to come in the very action, followed me into the Convent, bad me be of good comfort; told me, that all should have a happy ending; would not let me stay for any convoy, but put his habit upon me, wherewith I passed (unsuspected) through the thickest of them: This, I am sure, is well, and the other course might not have been so fortunate.

Mat. Happy day, and a good pteage of future happiness, and prosperous success.

Enter Card: Filomarino.

Card: Sir, I am ever joyed to see you here, and alive: but

16 *The Rebellion of NAPLES, or,*

but I wish that I could say, safe, and out of danger; for the place neither assures the one; nor makes you safe from t'other: I have been viewing the provisions and Ammunition of the Castle, and I find neither Ammunition for a daies fight, nor provision for a months continuance.

V. Roy. Captain of the Castle: how do you answer this?

Capt. Sir, I can sooner give to your Majestie an answer, then a remedy. Sir, besides my often solicitations of those whom it did concern; here are my Copies of Petitions to your Majestie for both, after months upon months delays; here are my assignments for so much bullet, powder, corn and beef, wine and oyl; here are the Copies of Orders to the contrary; so much of this and that for *Spain*; so much provision and ammunition for the *Gallies*; so many quarters of wheat to be sent to *Genoa*, to make money; sum *totalis*, nothing for me. Sir, if any of all these things had grown within the Castle, I would have been answerable for the want thereof: but since they do not, but must be otherwise had, I doing my endeavour, and all would not do, I hope your Majestie will hold me excused, and lay the blame on those who worthily deserve it.

V. Roy. O miserable state of Princes! When They'r forc'd to see with th'eies of other men.

Card. This is no time to think of what is past, but how we may help our selves out of the present plunge we are in: they are our Masters now, and there is no wrestling without hands.

V. Roy. Lord Duke, you are a man in some favour with the people, and may happily do good service at this time; it would be very acceptable, if you could do any thing to appease this uproar.

Mad. Sir, I understand, that nothing will satisfie them now, but the priviledges granted unto them by the
Emperor,

Emperour Ferdinand, and ratified by *Carole quinto*.

Card. You may make them believe priviledges of lesser moment, to be the same; and 'tis all one to them.

Mat. Lord *Card*: If I should demand the same priviledges which they require, interpretation might make me guilty of a crime as black as theirs: And if I should go about to delude them with priviledges, which are not the same, and they find it out; I should run my self upon the fury of a multitude.

Card. My Masters, we have nothing left us now, but every man a head; which that he may keep upon his shoulders, he must make use of his brains; for ought that I can hear, they carry their businesse warily; their proceedings speak order and method; contrivement go along with their design: Believe it, the progresse they have made already, discovers a head, above a vulgar capacity; and the beast, as he goes along, shews, though many heads, yet one above the rest, by whom all are directed: So that Monarchy it self is opposed by that of its own nature, and we must play with them now at their own Weapons.

And where the Lyon's skin doth fail,
Wee'l piece it with the Foxes tail.

My Lord Duke, you have a wild Brother, *Don Peppe di Caraffa*, who we hear is very great with *Peroon*, Captain of the *Bandittoes*; so that by your means, he, and all his Associates, may be drawn to our part, and every one of those is worth a hundred door-keepers: And what do ye lack? Let us call them in: yet so, as they first offer their service unto the people, and so possesse themselves of the heart of the City: then shall you go with these pretended priviledges; and if they take, the businesse is ended: if not, you have so many servants at your elbow, ready to defend you, and to bring you off.

V. Roy. Excellently well advis'd: we thank you for your good advice.

21 *The Rebellion of NAPLES, &c.*

Mat. 'Twas spoke like a Cardinall, and they are the men now adaies, who have ingrossed the exaltations of Kingdoms to themselves, and have appropriated those renowned acts unto their own order.

Card. Let the Queen be taught to act her part too, and to go to Massanello's Mother, Wife and Daughters, and colloque and cog with them.

To stoop to our necessities, is Wisdom sed: (bred.
For when the Sun courts Dunghils, there are Serpents
V. Roy. Come, let's about it then, and leave no stone unturn'd, whereunder may be found our look'd for safety: truly they were much to blame,

Who put us thus to play the after game.

Exeunt.

SCEN. II.

Enter Massanello, Gen: Mariamma, Agatha,
Flora and Ursula.

Gen. S I R, I must tell you here, in the presence of your Mother, your Wife, and Daughters here likewise, that you are much to be blamed; you have committed more goods and monies worth unto the fire, out of meer vain-glory and ostentation, then would have made you the wealthiest man in the whole Kingdom of NAPLES, and so consequently the wisest, the greatest, the best, the noblest of all the Neopolitans: for wherein is wisdom most exercised? Then, in the gaining of that which hath the unquestionable command of all things, and that's money: so far I'm right. 2. For greatness: Who is great (I pray) but he that hath the world at will? And who's that? but he that hath money at command. Now for goodnesse: *Unde derivatur* goodnesse? Goodnesse, *quasi* a nest of goods: get but that, and ye are good enough. And Lastly, for Nobility: What is Nobility, but ancient riches? Get good store of old gold, it's no matter whose 'tis, and search for bags that have not seen the

The Tragedie of MASSENELLO. 3

the Sun this many a day, and then you have ancient riches, and so consequently nobility. Sir, I beseech you to take the advice of him by whose direction you have prospered hitherto: do not so vainly reject and consume that, which is only able to preserve you from oblivion; Palms and Laurels wither in the hands, and on the heads of those who wear them, but riches imbalms a Worthies memory more precious then any statues of brasse or marble; and give him a more lasting fame then a memory that's preserv'd from oblivion by thin paper-wals.

Were I in your condition, the first thing I w'd do, should be to build my self a house, for the honour of my name: then I would feather my nest, that *Jupiters* own Bird, who builds his nest in the Sun, should not think it a disparagement to seek alliance with one of my Chikeens.

Mass. *Genuino*, thou hast converted me, henceforth I will be covetous, high minded, glorious and haughty: and hearken to what I shall say, in order to my conversion. *Genuino*, the City is rich, we have the power in our hands, why should we not have the riches? The Citizens begin to thrust their thumbs under their girdles, and to make pauses at our demands, and some of them begin to look askint already upon our actions: Hast thou not observ'd it, *Genuino*? *Genuino*, thou hast spoken wisely, money is all in all, and that's the thing we aim at; money is the sinews of War, and the life blood to action: let us suck this blood, and cut these sinews, lest they stand upon their tearms with us: It is requisite that so strong a body should be thus enfeebled, when we know not how long they will take our part: let us but get a world of money, and we care not for the World. *Pecunia* is the Queen Regent of the Worlds Empire, whose divall jussments being so slenderly regarded, hath been the only cause, why none hath hitherto attained to the Quintessentiall and first Monarchy. And therefore Dame Nature was wisely provi-

dent, in hiding with her greatest care, this thing Omnipotent, in the very bowels of the earth; like a carefull Mother, who hides her knives out of her childrens way, till they know how to use them: But we are men, and know full well how to be our own carvers: Let us provide our selves with these necessaries, and none shall live, but such as are beholding to us for doles of meat, and shives of bread: Money will ransom Kings, and make Crowns to pawn their Jewels: Therefore good *Genuino*, let us have money enough, the City has it: we have the City, and why should we be without it?

Gen. Softly, great *Tomaso*, you are too apt a Scholar; all that you have said is truth, and must be executed: yet so, as that they may seem to enjoy what we are Masters of: Let them be your Cash-keepers, and you shall command whatsoever they have, as readily, as if they were your Servants: Now you have made your self their Conquerour, you must not plunder the City, nor take all away at once; for, if you do not leave a nest-egge behind you, the hens will lay no more: What's theirs by providence, must be ours with prudence: We will make them give, or we will use them, as the old Wives use their cakes, when they are grown dry, put them under ground.

Mass. *Genuino*, thou saist well; of all Nations, fools have the least wit; and of all wise men, thou art one for my money.

Mariam. Sir, you were pleas'd to talk of alliance even now; I forgot to tell you, that the Vice-Queen was here, and said, that her eldest Son should marry one of your Daughters, if you will be friends with him.

Mass. Ay, pox confound her for an Hypocrite; she came to abuse us, to flout and jeer us: a likely matter.

Gen. Not so, carry your businesse handsomly; and he shall be glad to seek in Where, in all the Royall Palace, is there a prettier Moppet then this same? A wittier thing?

thing? I tell you, Sir, she is a Bed-fellow for a Prince, and a Companion for his betters.

Ursula. What she? marry come up; a blister on the tongue that spake it.

Agatha. What say you to this girl? She's black, but lovely: If you can force him to any, you may compell him to accept of this; if he may chuse, hee'l chuse neither.

Mass. I may do so, but I may chuse: if you shackle Princes, you must have golden bonds, not rustie iron.

Come *Genuino*, wee'l go and advise about the premises, leave foolish Women to themselves.

Ex. Mass. Gen.

Ursula. Am I but rustie iron? I think my self to be as good mettall as her self: 'Twas a roguish speech.

Mariam. O Child, remember he is your Father.

Ursula. My Father? What of that? Let him use me like a Child, I am no rusty piece.

Agatha. As rusty as thou art, he shall thee, or none: let them consult out, as they please, 'tis your fine face that is the cause of all this stir.

Flora. Mother, I never thought it fine; but as it is, God bestowed it, and I hope you will not make Gods gifts my fault.

Agatha. Go, go, you're a prating baggage.

Flora. Good Mother, do not build your discontents upon imaginations so improbable, and unlikely.

Agath. Improbable to thee, vile Wretch! but not to her.

Enter *Massenello* and *Genuino*.

Gen. I tell you, Sir, you must not do things rashly; take advice: Where have you a King? But such a one is his right hand: Be advised, Sir, Gods themselves sit in Council.

Mass. I tell thee man, thou shalt be my right hand,

6 The Rebellion of NAPLES, &c

and my right foot, and my right eie, and my right ear, and my right, right, right, any thing, if thou wilt be quiet: thou shalt be my chief Secretary, and Councellour of State; you shall be a Queen-Mother, you a Queen; and thou, my little Chuck, the new Infanta of Neapolis. I fear nothing, but that I shall want Children, and Kindred, rather then honours and preferments to confer upon them.

Enter a Messenger in hast.

Mess. Sir, they all expect you in the Mercato, nothing can be done untill you come.

Gen. You may be sure of that: Who dares do any thing without you? You are the soul that gives life to the body politique, and the main Engin from whom the wheel of fortune borrows its motion.

Mess. 'Tis well done of you, thus to let us understand our self.

Ex. Mess. Gen.

Mariam. I remember, when he was but a boy, many a time and oft, when he came home from fishing, he would commend the policy of the Herring, that could make themselves Kings, by their multitudes, notwithstanding the greatnesse of the Whale, and other Fishes; and when I was with Child with him, I dream'd that I was delivered of a son, who as soon as ever he was born, could stand upon his head.

Agatha. Mother, I can easily interpret that dream for you; the King is the Head of the People, my Husband shall pull down the King and bring him under his foot, and so stand upon his Head.

Ursula. 'Tis very likely to be true: a very pretty interpretation.

Eliza. I, but Sister, this should have been done as soon as he was born: for so my Grandmother dream'd.

Ursula.

The Tragedie of MASSENELLO. 7

Ursula. Goodly, goodly: how you come in with your five eggs a penny, and four of them rotten? The rising of the people was the big swollen belly, that contain'd the bully lad, that should do such feats: and my Father is not two daies old, since he was so born.

Flora. I, but Sister, my Grandmother saies, she dream'd how that my Father, as soon as he was born, should stand upon his head; if he stood upon his head, then his feet must be uppermost: how could he tread the King (then) under foot, when he stood upon his head?

Ursula. Why, that may very well be, too —

Flora. I, just as you took shipping to go for *Turkie*, so I lent you my horse, and you went to *Rome*.

Agatha. Vile Baggage! she's alwaies crossing her Sister, and chopping of Logick with her; I'll chop you: } *Strikes*
Take that for your labour. } *her.*

{ *Exeunt Mar. Agatha*
{ *Ursula. manet Flora.*

Flora. How shall I do, to let my Mother in law, and my Sister know, I have no such ambition, as they think in me, and have themselves? I would I could as well clear their bosoms from those suspicions, as well as I can my own from such vain hopes: they are all fir'd with that, which warms not me: My Grandmother is highminded; my Father higher; my Mother highest; my Sister highest of all.

And since there's no degree in height for me,
I'll stick unto my old humilitie.

Exit Flora.

{ *Enter Major, Aldermen, &c. at one dore;*
{ *Mass. at another: Gen. and others.* }

Major. An't please your Excellence, here is a Catalogue of the Delinquents names.

Mass. Have you taken examinations duly and truly? for

24 *The Rebellion of* **NAPLES**, or,

I will do nothing but justice, all those (let me see your pen) before whose name you find this mark.

{ He makes a dumb sign, with his finger }
sawing his throat.

You understand me, the words out; and see that there be Commissioners appointed to take an Inventory of their goods, and be accomprable to us therefore.

(*Exit*) Enter a Messenger, and speaks softly and hastily to *Geminio*.

Gen. Sir, The Bandits are come faithfully, and according unto promise: *Peroon*, their Chieftain; and *Don Peppe di Caraffa*, Brother to the Duke of *Mattal*. desire audience.

Mass. Bring them in, they're welcom.

Exit Gen.

These are Blades indeed, that, if occasion serve, will shew my Gallants School-play.

Enter *Gen.* with *Peroon*, *Don Peppe*, and *Bandits*.

Peroon. To the thrice worthy, *Tomaso Amello di Malsa*, Generall of the *Neopolitans*, are we come to offer our service.

Don. Pep. And our lives to be sacrificed in the defence of the most worthy *Tomaso*, and the *Popolo*.

Mass. We accept your offer, and appoint your guard to our own person.

{ *Peroon* and *Peppe* make four faces }
upon *Massenello*.

Trumpets sound.

What noise is that? Go know the cause. (*Exit Gen.*)
I am not yet well acquainted with the language of Trumpers.

Enter *Gen.*

Gen. The Duke of *Mattaloon* desires audience and admittance to your Excellence.

Mass.

The Tragedie of MASSENELLO. 25

Mass. Let him have his will, and wee'l have ours.

(*Aside.*)

Enter Duke di Mattaloon, with Attendants.

Mat. Peace to this people, and happinesse to *Tomaso* their Generall, as in the body naturall, so in the politiques; there are causes which turn the best bloud into corruption; and against tumescency there are medicines to be used to keep the swelling down, and to hinder the corrupt humours from gathering to a head: if the effects may cease by taking away their causes, I have brought you cure: behold all your desires are granted, here's what you ask.

{ He gives *Massenello* the pre- tended priviledges. }

Mass. Peruse them *Gen*: they did well to send your grace with them: for as nothing could have satisfied the people, but that which you have brought; so nothing could have been more satisfactory, then that they should be brought by you; a man whom the people alwaies had a good opinion of;

Gen. Sir, hold, I pray, your commendations are too soon bestowed; these Writings are all counterfeit, and not the priviledges of *Carolo quinto*; upon my life they are.

Mass. Hah? Counterfeit? My Lord, you have forfeited your honour, and your honesty together; and what is more, our good opinion of you; and are indeed no better then a Traitor to your Country.

{ The people shoulder the Duke up and down, and begin to be outrageous; the Duke all the while applies himself to Peroon. }
(*speaks.*)

Mat. Sir——Sir——Sir——Peroon——Peppe——can ye endure this insolence to be done to my person?

{ Peroon gives fire at *Mass*: and his Carbine }
would not off.

Mass.

Mass. If that will not off, this will. } He kills ~~two~~ with
Sword.

Don. Pep. Guard the Duke, give the sign to the Castle
for falling out speedily.

*Ex. Don, Pep. with Mat.
and Bandite.*

Mass. And I'll regard ye, ye fine, politick, neat, facetious traitors: give the word there: bid them all make ready: on my soul, *Mat.* they shall carry thee marching over this full body of resolves; but I will intercept thy passage, which shall be as difficult for thee or them to do, as to march over *Vesuvius* head. Drums beat aloud and call our men together; if we stand, we stand; & if we fall, we fall.

Exit.

A battail without, Drums and Trumpets
sound the charge, Cannon and Musket go off, as
in hard fight: Bandits passe over the stage by
ones, and by couples, bleeding and led. Two
Bandits drop down dead upon the Stage, one
after another, the first crying out, *Bloody Trai-
tor! could I but die tearing thy flesh with my teeth,
I should die contentedly; but now, I'm fain
to die only with my mouth full of wishes, (He dies*
The second, A Kingdom for another life
to lose, in ventring at Tomaso's head;
but I must give out, I've lost all. (He dies
Then enters a brave Italian banditted
Captain, having lost his arm, and speaks these
dying words, *Though I was right and nobly born,
yet I must die the death of the Bastard Sea-Ea-
gle, call'd, Halietus, who seizing sometimes on so
big a Fish, that not being able to heave it out of
the water, is by it drowned under the waves.*
*I seiz'd not on the Fish, but on the Fisherman him-
self: I had once hold of him, but he was too heavy
for me; I lost that arm, and now this life. (He dies*

Then

The Tragedie of MASSENELLO. 11

Then enters a poor Spaniard Bandit, with a half pike in his hand, he reels and staggers up and down, at last he drops, and speaks, *I was born well, I liv'd banourably, but I fell scurvily; I will see if I can rise up, that I may fall better; it may be, some saw me fall, not commendably.* He rises and charges his pike, and saies, *This pike I won from a Neopolitan, and fall, thus, with my own Trophie in my hand.* (He dies)

Then marches *Matteloon* hastily over the Stage, bids, *Call off my Brother, sound the retreat, all's well.* *Don Peppe* marches after him, but is shot through the back, as he was bringing up the rear; falls, his men keep on; and *Peppe* riseth up, upon *Massenello's* approach.

Enter *Mass.*

Mass. Where's this Villain?

Don Pep. Hold dog, I am *Don Peppe.*

Mass. Thou art the man I look'd for. (runs him through)

Don Pep. Dogstar whereunder I was born! What? Did the fates ordain me to be no better then a Sprat or Whiting, to be thus taken by a Fisherman? Yet high and mighty Prince, *Tomaso*, you must cast your net into the Sea once more; the Fish you look'd for, is not caught:

And though I die, the sight this comfort gives,

That by my blood and death, my Brother lives (he dies)

Mass. To give thee thy due, *Peppo*, thou wert a brave Fellow, and 'tis pity but that thou hadst been an honest man: In all my life I never heard of a braver piece of service: And to deal plainly, I was ashamed of the odds, seeing they have done their work: They fought like Devils, or like men weary of living; they reach'd him into the Castle, as if it had been with a hand stretch'd through a Cloud; and they did it with so much ease, as if so many Sun-beams had made their way through a contrary wind. When they made a stand, they stood like a stretch'd out

Rock

28 *The Rebellion of NAPLES, or,*

Rock against an Ocean, bidding defiance to all its Waves:
And when they made their way through us, they pass'd
like a fierce wind over the heads of corn; then wheel'd
about, like a Whirlwind, which rais'd not dust, but a smoke
so big bellied with fire and thunder, as with the blind
thereof they convey'd this *Mattaloon* safe into the Castle;
whilst some few and inconsiderable (O had we known it)
made good the rear with a stand of fifteen naked breasts,
against the power of NAPLES, untill call'd off by
order: then made their retreat as orderly, leaving a Bar-
ricado between them and us, only of the smoke of pow-
der; which with much difficulty, my fellow Cits and
Chits got over, but too late to gain any thing, save only
the sight of these brave men who did this act. Only here
Don Peppe lies, who rather fell into, than by my hands;
and, cursed be the rage, and madnesse, mingled with my
shame, that coloured my sword with any of his blood:
But I think I rather put him out of pain, then rid of his
life: Yes, 'twas so, mortally shot through the back.

(He views him.)

Well *Peppe*, though thou wert mine Enemy, yet I will
erect thee a Monument: Death discharges all enmity,
and hadst thou liv'd, I had doubted the successe: But

As for the rest, I make but even a scoff:

The body's soon dissected, when the head is off.

Exeunt.

ACT. III.

The Tragedie of MASSENELLO. 129

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter Vice-Roy, Card: Mat: Capt: of the Castle,
with Attendants.

Card: **H**Ac non successit alia aggrediemur via: we must
tack about again, and take another compasse,
before we can arrive at our wished point.

Mat. Wished point, do ye call it? The Devil himself
would never wish for such a point, as I was like to find:
the Devil a point was I likely to arrive at, but the point
of death: if you have not better points then these,
I will not give three pence a dozen for all the Poynts in
your shop.

V. Roy. My Lord, it doth not become Nobility to
seem frighted into so much choler: we admir'd your va-
lour, took notice of your service, and were about to give
you thanks, had you not anticipated those thoughts which
we were about to give breath unto.

Mat. When a man hath escap'd hanging, I hope your
Majestie will give a man leave to be merry after it; I made
but a little bold with the Cardinal's language, but I am
sure the Cardinall (a pox on his Rhetorick) had like to
have been very bold with me: neither do I repent it,
since your Majestie doth command me to be serious.

V. Roy. If it be so, my Lord, I am willingly mistaken.

Card. If it were not so, I should willingly have given
way to any passion my Lord should please to have been
in; for loosers should have leave to speak, and I'm sure he
hath lost a Brother, whom we all shall misse as soon as
he.

Mat. Could Heavens decree have been so satisfied,
mine should have paid the ransom for his life; but
let us fall to considerations, how we may preserve
the lives that are left more considerable.

Lord

14 *The Rebellion of* NAPLES, *or,*

Lord Cardinall, 'tis you must beat your brains, that must be the anvil whereton all our safeties must be wrought.

Card. My Masters, we cannot expect otherwise then speedily to be beseiged: if so, we must expect speedily to be brought to the severall exigents of famine, and desperatenesse, with their Attendants, ruine and destruction. A Castle without ammunition and provision, is like a Carcasse that hath neither life nor soul; nay, like a Skeleton, that hath neither flesh nor blood; therefore these must be had: And for the effecting whereof, this is my advice; Let there be Letters devised to this purpose, that the French are upon the Sea with a great Fleet; and that their design is against NAPLES.

These Letters must be so ordered, as that they may be intercepted by the way: then if this take, and we find them sensible of the danger, you shall intreat *Masfenello* to accept the office of Generall of all the Forces to be rais'd in the defence of the whole Kingdom. And to make this offer appear the more reall, we will call upon all our loving Citizens to arm themselves (for the honour and safety of their Country) with what arms and ammunition they have need of, out of the Magazine; which is no more but what we can neither enjoy our selves, nor hinder them of: so shall we render our selves voyd of all suspicion; then shall we call upon them, as an act of the highest necessity, to provision and ammunition the Castle: Then send for *Don John of Austria* to come unto our rescue: so shall we furnish our selves with what is wanting; and by a fear of others, lull them into such security of us, that we may at leisure work all our ends both by Sea and Land, and so gain time, which is only able to restore us.

V: Roy. Your eminence speaks good advice.

Card. This is not all, the Queen shall go on with her old instructions, bear him in hand, with the marriage of his

The Tragedie of MASSENELLO. 15

his Daughter ; assure them all excise to be taken off : promise Mass. that a stately Monument shall be erected in the Mercato, containing all the articles of agreement between you and him, and hereby add such fuell to his proud fire;

That this detestable, and so accurst
Toad swels, and with his own payson bursts.

V. Roy. Lord Card. Your advice is so good and seasonable, that it needs no debate, but execution ; let it be done speedily, and use our authority therein as shall be requisite.

————— Come, let us rise,
And reduce words to actions, then we're wise.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Bonella, erecting severall
Chairs of State.*

Bonell. Where are you? haw!

Enter Marlam: Agath: Flora, Ursula.

Come, sit you down there, and you there, and you shall sit there : by the faith of my body you must take state upon you now : you must not think to do as you have done heretofore : and is it not time you should? Hath not your Son all? Hath not your Husband all? Hath not your and your Father all? Doth not the King, and the Lords, and all the Evil Councillours, hide themselves out of his sight? And doth not he command and rule all the people? Is not all at his disposing? If he bids take off a hundred heads, they must lose them : What shall I say more? In a word, he is all in all.

Mar. Nay, I am sure all this is true.

Agath. Then all is well.

Ursula. All the better.

Flora. And I must have my all too. All is but vanity.

Ursula. That was but a vain speech, Sister.

Flora. I have another all for you, then : All is not gold that glisters.

Agatha.

Agath. This girl is alwaies crossing of her Sister : Vile Wretch!

Bonell. Peace : how you two are alwaies rangling and jangling : What? can't you agree when you have all between you? You should rather agree, and plot, and contrive how you may get a share in the Government; sure he will not refuse to hear his Mother speak, I trow; and he is a very unkind Husband, that will communicate his secrets unto his own Wife, and shew all that he has unto the Wife that is in his bosom. Have not great Kingdoms been excellently governed by Women? And do you think that the Popedom it self could be so well ordered, if *Don Olympia*, like a good Huswife, did not keep the Keys? Come, come, if I were as you, I would see what becomes of all the Money, and all the Land; and all the Houses, and all the Household-stuff, that is confiscated; I would see, which way it went, and how it was disposed, and to what end and uses, that I would.

Mar. Indeed I could wish, that my Son would be rul'd a little.

Ag. Mother, he must, and shall : What not hear his nearest and dearest Friend speak? And when 'tis for his own good? Who should he hear?

Enter *Mass.* and *Gen.* with Attendants.

Mass. Mother, your pardon a little : Wife I pray excuse me, I am very busy.

Gen. What would you peruse——

Mass. No, no, you know I have done with the Land and Houses; I would see what sums of money were ceas'd on to your use.

Gen. O here it is.

Mass. Read it.

Gen. *Imprimis*, Found in the *Duk di Mat*: his house, 60000 Spanish Pistols.

Item, in his *Villa*, 40000 Crowns.

Item, in *Don Peppe* his house———

Mass.

Mass. Don Diego Devil! how many millions is there in all? What do you talk to me of Crowns and Pistols? Do you think that I have leisure to hear you prate of Crowns and Pistols?

Geno. Sir, there is eleven Millions in all.

Mass. So then, eleven Millions, that's something to the purpose; we'll divide it all amongst our selves; but I've given order that 200 houses be pull'd down already in the Mercato; for the building of my self a Palace; and I allow four Millions out of this money towards the work; I command you see there be Workmen enough provided; that it may be built this Summer.

Geno. I pray, will you speak to him? He talks so extravagantly, and doth such strange things, that I begin to fear him exceedingly: besides, he hath not slept a wink this four or five nights together.

Mass. Dear Son, I pray you, will you be rul'd?

Mass. How? rul'd by a Woman? Mother, I'll tell you a story, the glory of the English Nation and Sex: the Lady Ward was in hot pursuit of a new order of the Jesuitesses; to be granted to her, and her Sister's; by the last Pope; which not obtaining in his daies, she renew'd her suit at the entrance of this present Pope into his reign; she makes her address, fortimes her desires with the most specious arguments; the Pope sends all his Cardinals and Camarers out of the presence; pretends to trust her with the greatest secret in the world, such a one, as he would trust no man withal: whereupon his Holiness rises up, and fetches a little box, which he delivers unto her, desiring her but to keep it three daies, and then to bring it unto him again; giving her a strict command, not to open it: she carries it home, her Sisters were impatient of being kept ignorant of what was therein contained; she pleads his commands to the contrary, they urge their Warrants of a Non-discovery:

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assuring her (undoubtedly) that whatsoever were in it, they would be sure to lay it up again, and wrap it as it was before: she yields to their temptations: the box is opened, nothing therein but a strange kind of fly, which got away, and could never be recovered, nor the like thereof: The time is come, when the box must be restored: not coming, she is sent for: sent for, comes: there was the box, but no fly: confusion of face, and distracted looks, was all her answer: Whereupon the Pope spake unto the Lady, as followeth, *Madam, Now you see your own error, and the frailty of all your Sex together: you desire amongst the rest of your requests, that you would have me grant unto your Order, and to your Sex: viz. the power of hearing Confessions: So, saith he, I shall commit the affairs and secrets of the Christian World, to a thing, call'd Women: who from first to the last, could never let alone so much as an Apple upon a Tree, or a Bee in a Box, but they must be meddling, though it were to save or confound the whole World: Therefore, Mother, I pray keep your rules to your self: for I do not mean to be rul'd by any of you all.*

Agatha. What, not by me, who am the Wise in your bosom?

Mass. No forsooth: What? hear a rib prate?

Agatha. O Lord! I would I had my old Husband again.

Mass. Why hadst thou ever any Husband before?

Agatha. I mean, I would I had my Husband now of the old fashion, if honours have so chang'd his manners, that I must not speak to him.

Mass. I tell thee, Wife, when I was in case to do so, thou know'st I did it; I made thee privy, heretofore, to all the secret windings and turnings of my Net; and when the businesse was any thing intricate, you know I alwaies call'd you forth to unfold the mysterie, I call'd you ever and anon to dilate the businesse, and I alwaies took your advice about the repairing and mending the breaches of that

our

The Tragedie of MASSENEILO. 35

our Commonwealth; you had the finger and ordering
not only of the light corks, but also of the most weighty
plummers of our State; I acquainted you from day to day,
how many Prisoners I had taken, viz. so many Sprats, so
many Whittings, so many Gudgeons, so many this, so many
that, I withheld nothing from your knowledge; but now
the hand of providence hath call'd me to hold the Scales
of Justice; now, to be President of a Council of State;
by and by, President of a Council of War: Do you think
Women are fit Creatures to be consulted with? Must the
Affairs of State hang upon an apron-string? Look to your
dishes, and see that your rooms be well sweep'd, and never
think to teach *Tomaso* what he hath to do.

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. Most excellent Sir, there's severall poor Citizens
without, who beg admittance, and pray that you would
do them justice.

Mass. Let them have admittance: O, I do love that
work alive; I am never well but when I am doing justice;
they shall have justice to a hairs breadth.

*Enter Citizens, with little
loaves of bread.*

Citiz. Most excellent, and thrice worthy *Tomaso*, we
come to complain of the great injury we suffer by
the most unconscionable Bakers; who contrary to all
right and honesty, have presum'd to bake such loaves as
are, as little as when the Excise was on foot; and
not one quarter of their weight, according to the al-
lowance.

Mass. Do you know the Bakers names?

Cit. Yes, here they be.

Mass. Carry these men (you I say) unto their own Ovens
bodies, and let their Ovens be heated red hot, and put
them in, and there let them be bak'd themselves.

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which will be a terrour to all Bakers,; how they bake light bread.

Cit. How long shall they remain there?

Mass. No longer, but you'll see them all oven of crust, and their eyes look like parch'd plumbs upon a plumb cake, and then it's time to take them forth.

Cit. It shall be done.

Exeunt Cit.

Mass. I think I have done justice pretty well.

Enter Servingman.

Ser. And if it please your Excellence, there are more Citizens without, desiring audience.

Mass. Some others, I warrant you, come for justice; bring them in.

Enter Citizens.

How now, good fellows, what would you have with me?

Cit. We are come for justice to your Excellence.

Mass. Marry, and you shall have it, with all my heart, freely, and with as good a will, as ever I came from School.

Cit. Sir, here's a list of certain Butchers, who refuse to sell meat otherwise then at the same rates they did whil't the Excise was up.

Mass. Carry these men unto their own slaughter-house and there let them be knock'd on the head, as they knock down their Oxen; and let their throats be cut, as they cut their Calves.

Ex. I think I shall do such justice, ere it be long, that the World shall admire me.

Enter Servingman.

Ser. Sir, there are more Citizens without, with Petition to your Excellence.

Mass. Let them come in: O, I am in my Kingdom now! O, how God-like it is, to rule and sway! I could

c onren

The Tragedie of MASSENELLO. 37

contented to forsake meat, drink and sleep, so that I might be doing of justice.

Enter Citizen, and deliver a Petition.

Mass. Gennino, read it. *(He reads.)*

The humble Petition of 200 poor Citizens
living in the Mercato.

Humbly sheweth,

That whereas your said Oratours were seated and possessed of good and substantiall houses, and dwelling places, in and about the Mercato; and that by direction from your Highnesse, the said Houses, to the number of 200 are ordered to be pulled down, to give way to the building of your Excellencie's Palace.

Now, inasmuch as your Excellencie's said Oratours are utterly deprived of places of abode:

They humbly pray, that your Excellency will be pleased to take the premises into consideration, and either to give satisfaction to the said Inhabitants, for their said dwelling houses; or else to provide some other places of abode, whereby they may be disposed of otherwise.

And your Oratours shall pray, &c.

Mass. So I will, and that presently: let them be all sent to the Gallies, and there let them make their abode: What? when the foot of Italy his leg was in the grave, I took it by the small, and reach'd it out again: When an Ocean of calamities had overwhelm'd the Land, I made that Sea run back, and keep its channel: and do you now grudge me a place to build my house in? Ungratefull Monsters! you shall soon know, what punishments are belonnging to so great a sin.

Cit. kneel.

Cit. And pardon, gracious Sir, we acknowledge our fault, and are heartily contented that your will should

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be fulfilled; now we understand our selves, and do humbly beg your pardon.

Mass. Lie down flat upon your bellies then; so, Now you may rise up again, and go.

Cit. Call you this the liberrie of the Subject? and the property of what is ours?

I would we had our old Government and Governours.

Mass. I am not only good at justice, but I can be as good at mercy, if I please.

Gen. Sir, Did you not perceive how they muttered forth their discontents at the present Government and Governours?

Mass. I did my *Geniusso*; but they shall find me of the nature of the Cock, that crows over the same dunghill, whose unnaturall heat gave him so untimely and preposterous production: Their hands have rear'd me up, but I shall not be so easily dissolv'd, as are their beads of snow, which their hands have made unshap'd, and melted to a shapelesse lump, with the least shower of rain. *Tomaso* is more hard and lasting then brass or marble; not to be reduc'd to nothing, by the greatest showers of tears, that possibly can fall from the peoples eies. These Citizens, if they abound with such bad humours, as I see they do, I'll purge them, even to the excoiation of their guts, and make them to commend my doings, as men use to praise the biting Mustard with tears in their eies. I'll be their Oracle my self, and mean to confine all truths to my own mouth: I'll be their *Colossus*, all their Ships shall fall between my legs; and their money shall all run between my fingers: I am not what I am for nought.

Gen. Brave *Tomaso*, how like thy self thou speakest, prouder pricking hath made them cast their first Rider; and they will cast you too, if you do not hold them to hard meat.

The Tragedie of MASSENELLO. 39

The corruption of Estates is the generation of Soldiers; whilst you drive away their trade, you drive on your own: and what injury is it to them, to be first made beggars, and then to be paid with their own coyn?

Mass. Excellently well advised, my good Genius! How excellently thou speakest!

Enter Servingman.

Ser. Sir, The Major and Aldermen are at the dore to wait upon you to the Mercato.

Ser. whispers.

Mass. 'Tis well then, I shall have Justice businesse enough to last me all this day; and I'll lay it on, let whose will take it off. Daughter, anon the Prince will visit you, see that you are fit to entertain him in every respect.

Ex. Mass. Gen.

Mariam. Truly my Son is strangely altered of late, he is not the same man he was wont to be.

Agath. Not suffered to speak to him, despis'd and jeer'd at every word; you huffee, can talk with him in private, and have whole hours discourse together, when his Mother and his Wife, I and his Daughter too, as good as you, are not thought worthy to speak to him.

Flora. He is my Father; and what I do, is but in order to that obedience, which I owe to him; I cannot be justly accused of any intrusion upon his privacies, and for the common subject of his Discourse, it is as unpleasing unto me as to your self.

Agatha. Hang you lyar, I don't believe you.

Ursula. It is a very likely thing; for when my Father calls her to his privy Chamber, O how she trips it along as she goes! Now her colour rises! How she starts up when she is call'd! And makes such hast! I would not

be guilty of such dissimulation for the World.

Flora. I would not be guilty of so much cruelty for ten Worlds.

Agatha. What cruelty, you sinking baggage?

Flora. Not to believe a body when one speaks truth: to chide a body for that, which one cannot help: to envy me, for anothers ambition: and, in a word, to make my duty to my Father, a displeasure to my Mother.

Agatha. Vile Harlot! I'll make that face, the make bare of this divided family, as homely and deformed, as wounds and scars can make it. So now let the Prince come and visit you, and tell me how he likes you.

She
stabs
her in
to the
face.

Enter Mass. with the Prince.

Mass. Where's my Daughter? Where's Flora? I will shew you a rare flower indeed.

Prince. It seems, there was a battail fought in the field, where this flower grew, and too much blood fell to her share.

Mass. Fury, this was thy doings.

Agatha. Hands off: what and if it were?

Mass. Then thus I'd use her that did it.

Flora. Ome! Father, what have you done? It had been better mine eyes had been stab'd out of my head,

then left me to behold an act so barbarous.

O, Father, you have plaid a Butchers part:

She stab'd my face, you strike me to the heart.

She offers to

go pray.

Prince. Stay, gentle Virgin; let me hear how this business is, before you go; pray let me hear how 'twas, for it concerns me now; I came to be your Servant, and to elect you for my Mistress.

Flora.

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Flora. O Sir, I am altogether unworthy to be your Mistress, or your Mistress's servant; it is enough, that I am your Martyr: wherefore I humbly beg your pardon, Sir;

for I
Have blood to stench, and also tears to dry.

Exit.

Prince. A lovelier face I never saw: But, is she thus amiable, when she wants those compound ornaments of blood and tears?

Mass. Sir, you did but see the Sun behind a Cloud, or the Moon in an Eclipse, when you beheld my Daughter now: I tell thee Prince, thou shalt see her when her face is wash'd; and, if the scars have not too much disfigured her, you'll say, you saw a Queen, if beauty has dominion.

Prince. She talk'd of being my Martyr, as if she had received those wounds for my sake: how was that?

Mass. She did so; and 'twas thus: *Flora* is my Daughter by a former Wife, that Blackamore mine by this: This envious Woman, envying the happiness that your affections might throw upon that other Daughter, intended the ruin of her face, to make way for your addresses to this foul Dowdy: when, alack,

Her outsid's not so swart, as her insid's black.

Prince. She's my Martyr then indeed; methought she look'd very prettily, when the blood and tears ran races down her cheeks; and methought they did no more disfigure her, then streamers of red and white do misbecome the goodliest ship; and methought she carried a great deal of modestie and humilitie, both in her speech and countenance.

Mass. Sir, she is so full of humilitie, that I protest unto you, I could never get her to open an ear, or to leak into her the least thought of what is now. I could ne'r make her believe it: Father, saith she, forbear this
vain

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Prince. discourse; 'tis just such another likely matter; as if you could make me believe, that you could turn the Horses of the Sun into your Cow pasture.

Prince. Extreme witty! I shall be in love with this girl, I see.

Whatsoever my Father and you

Do, let you and I agree; you go about

Your business; I'll go seek my Mistress out. *(Exit.*

Enter Major, Alder: Mass: Gen.

Major. Most excellent Sir, we have intelligence, and it comes severall waies, and from very good hands: but one especially amongst the rest, to whom we give most credit, is, a Letter to the Vice-Roy, which we intercepted, thinking it to have contained matters of other consequence; which assure us, that the French are upon the Seas with a mighty Fleet, and they say, their design is, for NAPLES: Sir, we thought fit to acquaint you with the business.

Mass. Most excellent Sir, have you provided the money for the Army, I sent unto you for? I think fit to acquaint you also with this business.

Major. Sir, the money is most willingly ready, and most readily willing they were all to pay it.

Mass. Then most readily willing, and most willingly ready I am, that you should on to your other business.

Major. Sir, I have spoken the business already, it is concerning the French.

Mass. What a pox do we care for the French? or the French with a pox? I would they were here, I long to be doing, now I have command and men enough.

Major. I, but Sir, we are at odds among our selves, and 'tis to be feared——

Mass. I tell thee, Major, I'll be friends with the Devil, and salute his Dam, before the French shall have any thing to do here: and because they are so forward, wee'll begin with them first; Go, and see that the heads of all the

The Tragedie of MASSINELLO, 43

the French men within NAPLES, be cut off (speedily Go without any more ado, they shall have justice; I warrant you; justice hath not been executed a great while, and now it takes its course: O how pleasant a thing it is!

Exeunt two Alder:

Sound Trumpet.

Gen. Hark Sir! a parley from the Castle.

Major. Upon my life, it is about this business.

Mass. It comes very seasonably and welcom; let some know who it is that desires to treat with us.

Exit Gen.

If the King grants what we ask, then 'tis likely we shall do — what we please, so something may be done.

Enter Gen.

Gen. It is Card: *Filomarino*, who humbly desires to mediate between the King and the people.

Mass. Bring him in; I never spoke with a Cardinall yet, but I believe I shall be hard enough for him.

Enter Card: Filomarino.

Card. I am sent by the King, unto the most excellent *Tomaso*, and to the rest of the most faithfull *Neapolitan* people, to acquaint them with what great dangers we are all in, by reason of a suddain and unexpected invasion by the French, which is like to find us in all the confusions and distractions, that are able to give them the greatest advantage, and us the most unavoydable ruin that can befall a Nation, destinated to destruction: Wherefore, in regard we may, perchance, want this very time, which we bestow in words, to imploy upon more necessary actions, he desires the most excellent *Tomaso* in the first place: secondly, all his loving people, that they will open their ears to peace, and accept of all that ever he can do, or grant, in pursuance thereof; and that every man that wants arms, or ammunition, will speedily repair unto the

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the Magazine, and there furnish themselves with what is wanting : then the most excellent, and thrice valiant *Tomaso*, is desired, by his Majesties and the whole Council, to admit of the conduct of these men against the enemy; an act of oblivion to passe, and all to be well.

Mass: Card: What is it that the King will do?

Card: What is it that you would have him do?

Mass: Take off all Excise, all, all, all, all, &c.

Card: It shall be done: I'll undertake it.

Mass: And an oath never to set any up again.

Card: Not only so, but I will tell you more: there shall be an everlasting Monument of Marble set up in the Mercato, containing the atticles of Agreement between the most excellent *Tomaso*, on the one part; and the Vice-King, on the other.

Mass: Now you say something, *Card*: this is something to the purpose; but there is something behind, which must be done——or else, though all the French in France should fly in the air, like so many Crows into the Land; or come by water in shoals, like Herrings, yet will I not hear of peace, or believe a word you say.

Card: Sir, these hands of mine shall bind them both together, but not a word of privileges.

Mass: Not one word, but mum! Let the Monument be speedily erected, and the Agreement sworn unto; for *Card*: we must have no delays, for they are dangerous.

Card: We will go presently to the Vice-Roy, and have him confirm what is agreed upon: in the interim, your servant presents you with this, as a little pledge of great good will, and this—

{ He presents *Mass*: with a suit and cloak
of gold, and a chain of gold.

Mass: Think you, that chains, or cloths of gold, can add? or the want of such poor toys, diminish from *Tomaso's* worth? He's very barren of just merits, that borrows respect from the earths garbage: No, *Card*: I tell thee

The Tragedie of MASSENELLO. 45

thee plainly, I think my self no more disparaged by these cloaths, then the Sun thinks himself disgrac'd by Clouds.
Card. The most excellent *Tomaso* speaks admirably: I must confesse, the richest apparel sets him out but meanly, who alwaies goes so clothed with renown, and can put on new wonders every day: But Sir, I have known those, who would value pills, and rings of rusties, when they proceed from a heart that truly honours them: such is mine, such is my Present: such may your acceptance be, and it will be the greatest obligation wherewith I ever was obliged.

Mass. Well, I'll wear them for your sake, *Card.* you and I must be better acquainted; thou art an honest man, and speak'st truth, I love such an one: but hark you in your ear —

Card. Yes, yes. *Mass.* *whisper.*
Card. I, I, leave that to me.

Mass. Come, let us go then, wy this is excellencie, nothing but ask and have: a brave Worldy if it will hold.

Card. O tempora! O mores! *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Enter *Prince*, with *Flora* in his hand, with patches on her face.

Prince. Tell thee, sweetest, envy has done thee a courtesie, to make thee look ten times lovelier then thou didst before: I protest, as it is my chiefest delight to look upon thee, so it will be my chiefest happiness to enjoy thee.

Flora. Sir, as it would be an over high presumption in me, to believe all you say: so to say, I do not

not believe you were in civillie, though but to a Gentleman, but to my Prince it is rebellion: you say, you love me; nay, you protest you do, and swear it too, and that in an honourable way; 'tis a Princes word, a Princes profession; 'tis a Prince that swears, if any thing can distill into my faith, the least dram of believe out of those professions of yours, it must be this; That it is not possible for me, Natures rust cast, Envy's ruin, Poverties child, to appear acceptable in your eyes, as it is possible for so good a Prince as you, to swear and vow otherwise then what your heart directs you.

Prince. Dearest Love, necessity requires your speedy assent; and for my love, which you seem so much to doubt of, rest you satisfied.

Flora. O Sir, that word, Necessity, is that which wounds my heart; for indeed it is necessity that sends you unto me; there being as little merit in me to invite you, as love has reason to bring you hither.

O Sir, I beseech you, have pity upon me, *(She weeps.)* and let me not be thrown into Paradise over the Wall, where my entrance shall be my ruine; or flung into your arms, or forc'd into your bed, for then I shall fall no welcomer then dirt, upon your cheeks; and shew in your arms no otherwise then reeds and rushes, which a linking man is glad for to embrace, to save his life. O, rather then so, most *(She kneels.)* Princely Sir, I beg this favour; I will be contented, that it may be so contriv'd, that to satisfy my Father's high ambition, it may be given out, that we are married; and so ordered, that there may be no doubt made thereof, untill all be settled: then shall the most excellent Prince chuse him out a Wife, amongst the race of Kings; that may be worthy of him; and bless me with the happinesse (only) of waiting upon her: for I had rather fall to my old contentment, of sitting alone by the Sea shore, mending my Fathers nets; where I could fancy

fancy the pebbles to be my Subjects, and the Waves my Counters, then to sit with you upon a Throne, where I am not as well seated by your liking, as guarded by your love.

Prince. How prettily she pleads against her self! and how forcibly she attracts honour, by flying it! Come, *Flora*, thou art mine.

Flora. Remember your self, and know who I am; I am a Fishers Daughter.

Prince. A Fishers Daughter is no good *Sound*: Why did she trouble my ears with it? Let me see; why it is impossible that humane nature can be so much above it self, as is the nature of the Gods above humanity: and yet we know, that the Gods themselves have been sutors unto that which we call Woman; and if I make choyce of her, none can say, I have transform'd my self into a Beast, a Bird, or into a thing that is inanimate, as have the Gods.

Flora. O, how my trembling heart expects the event of this sole conflict!

Prince. Thus it is Resolv'd upon the Question, if you will have it so, Necessary shall marry the Fishers Daughter: but I'll have thee; thee, not by constraint, but by affection; not by compulsion, but by free choyce; not to be the *Jane* make-peace of our Land, but as one who best deserves my love, and merits me.

Flora. Can there be a distinction then, between me, and the Fishers Daughter?

Prince. Yes, *Flora*, such a one as the Sun makes between a vapour and an exhalation; which being one and the same thing, whilst it cleaves unto the earth, is but a fog: but being exhal'd and drawn up nearer towards the Sun, it appears as glorious as it self.

Flora.

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Flora. Great Prince, whose lasting fame is such, that flatteries can neither hurt, nor hyperboles reach, if I were good at either: with what faces will the honourable Women look, when they shall see such a one as I, as your Bride, delivered into holy hands, to be made yours?

Prince. With such like faces of wonder and amazement, as the household Gods did look, when mortals were exalted above their nature, and had their constellations in the highest Firmament, glob'd by the breaths of all the Gods, whilst they were tied to residence in tabernacles made with hands, and yet durst neither envy nor complain.

Flora. Sir, You speak such high language, that I am afraid you exercise Rhetorick, rather than Love.

Prince. I here engage my honour, as deeply, as the most unfeigned heart can direct a tongue how to oblige it, that I rather want language to expresse my love, than am either vain, or dissembling, in any thing of all which I profess.

Flora. Why then, Sir, I can answer you no more, but in this language ————— (weeps)

Speak, speak apace, my best Orators; speak out and tell him the news from whence you're come; bee's good, and may, perchance, give credit —————

Prince. Hold up, celestia!l flowers, you'll drown a little World: the precious distillations are in value next to penitentiall tears, wherewith the gods oft drink themselves to such a height of kindnesse, that they forget that they are just —————

Weep upon my bosome, and make the soyl fruitfull in the increase of that, which thine own iust merit hath there sown vwith a full hand: What! { She doth thee sink under the burthen of her sounds.

owne joyes, *Flora*, my *Flora*, cannot my voyce recall thee
fooner then waters, my affections are above their heate
Flora, my dearest, dear *Flora*, where hast thou been? what
dost thou meane to do?

*{ She comes to her selfe and finds her armes about
his necke. }*

Flo: Sir you may see my senses were all fled, when
mine armes presumed to imbrace that Sun it should adore,
they are of too base mettall to make a chaine for that
necke.

Prin: Object that fond objection no more (I charge
you) I consider thee now as thy fathers daughter, as thy
Fathers Daughter now, I say ; who at this time stands
the absolute of Monarchs, and commands all, me, Kings,
and Vice-Kings, and the greatest Princes, nor doe I
think otherwise then that the Fates prodigiously rais'd him
up to this greatnesse to make thee my equal, I am not a
Secretary of their State, nor privy Councellour to their
wills, but whatsoever their Decrees are, I take it so, and
so take thee.

Flo: Well then, I'll tell you what I will doe for you,
I will bee faithfull to you, I will never offend you, I
will alwayes love you, when I am with you, I will bee
a servant ready to observe and put in execution all your
desires, and when I am out of your sight, wheresoever I
am, I will spend my time in studying how I may next please
you when I come into your presence : when you ride
from home, I will get up upon the wings of prayer, and
will importune Heaven that no bad influence from their
Stars may hurt you : I will so charme the earth with the
often falling of my tears, that no noisome vapor shall arise
to prejudice my love, and when you go into the wars I will
have fervency enough in prayer (lawfully) to make you
shot free. When my Love shall charge his enemies, the
E
mouthes

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mouthes of their Guns shall lose their voices, and their bullets when they come near my Lord, shall forget their message, Ile so prevail with——

Prince. Away, Away, thou little fool, thou : tis the prettiest little fond thing that ever I saw, what dost thou doe, nothing but weep, *she weeps*: Ile dry up your tears for you : Come, *he kisses her*. Will that doe it? the earnest of my hearts union : the seal of all that ever I have said or promised ; the assurance of what we are now going about, without more delays.

Let each man crivy, what the gods shall praise.
Exeunt.

SCENA II.

Enter Vice Roy, Card. Prince, &c.

Vice Roy. How do you like your Mistress, Sirrah ?

Prince. Well Sir.

Vice Roy. Not very well I beleeve.

Prince. Yes very well.

Vice Roy. Truly ?

Prince. Truly I doe.

Card. You are not taken with her ?

Prince. So much taken with her, that Ile take her, and blesse the fates which threw me headlong into so great happiness.

Vice Roy. The boye's in love upon my life.

Prince Sir, Ile tell you, I went unto her as if it had been some miserable Ward forc'd by his Tyrant Guardlan to a peece of some deformity, and to be sacrificed to some foul beast, to preserve a faire estate; but when I came into her presence, I found the world could not parallel her for beauty, when I convers'd with her; I saw she was matchlesse for wit, behaviour, language, or any thing, that might

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might compleat or adorne the most accomplished of all her sex: nor shall all the riches in the world invite me for to seek another Mistress; rather then the meanness of her condition, should be thought a consideration why I should not have her, I would descend to her capacity and turn fisherman. Nor lyes it in the power of art or force of argument to wean me from her.

Vice Roy. Good Son, we are all glad she likes you so well; we were all afraid we should be faine to use both art and argument, to draw on your affections. But Indeed I have heard many commend her for a pretty girl.

Enter Servingman.

Ser. Sir, *Masseniello* is coming towards the Pallace.

Card. I'll goe and bring him in.

Vice Roy. By all means. Son, remember you aske your father blessing when he comes in.

Prince. Sir, I shall aske him for a blessing, and the greatest blessing: that any man alive can give me.

Enter Masseniello taking the right hand of the Card. all in gold. Attendants.

V. Roy. *Tomaso* is welcome to us very opportunely, for my sonne was (even) upon your entrance in a high encomion of your daughter: truly in a word hee's over head and ears in love with her, and I am glad to see it.

Mass. *Vice Roy*, you have reason for what you say: and I hope there is no love lost; my daughter loves him as well, and though I say it, she is a match for the best Princee in Europe.

V. Roy. I make no doubt of it.

Mass. But I have not heard your Son speake, yet, concerning her, let me hear how you like her from your own mouth.

Prince. Sir, I like her as a new come soule likes Elysiu^m and with the same affection that the most ambitious man likes sitting in a throne crown'd with his owne hearts desires.

Mass. Why then young man thou'rt happy, when will you marry her?

Prince. When will the hunger-starv'd wretch eat meat? or the thirsty soule quench his flames? or the man that is a cold come near the fire; but as soon as ere he can.

Mass. Why then to morrow is the day, how sayes the Vice King.

V. Roy. With all my heart, the sooner, the better.

Card. Come then we will to the *Archivescovato*, and there you both shall solemnly sweare before the high Alter to performe all the Articles which are agreed upon between you both, in the behalfe of the new made happier *Neopolitans*, and by this the Monument containyng the articles agreed upon, is erected in the *Mercato*, and from the Cathedrall, the *Cavaleato* in the greatest pompe, shall bring you both as paires coupled in the same desires of procuring your Countries good, and there before all the people, you shall consecrate the Monument with your presence; and let them all see how in your peaceable inrentions you both meet in parrallels like *Apollo's* twins, and from thence unto the performance of those nuptiall rites which shall make the peace between you everlasting.

Mass. The *Card.* is a good man, he speaks well, but when shall this be done, *Card.*

Card. Come one thing first, another at the heels,
When all's concluded action runs on wheels.

Exeunt.

SCENA

SCENA III.

Enter people running over the Stage after French men, they take one.

1. **H**Ah Mounfier, have we taken you, off with his head.

Mounf. O pardon a moy ie vous som prie.

2. *Mounfier* don't be afraid, we won't hurt your locks, wee'l onely cut off your head.

Mounf. Vat have I done to you Gentilmen, mort dienz?

3. Take heed of his Mistris favours there.

They cut off his head.

Enter people with two more for French-men, but one of them is an English-man.

Omnes. More sacks to the Mill, here's a couple of *Mounfiers* more, they are cutting off, I know not how many *Mounf.* heads every where. *One cut off.*

English. Swounds, I am an English-man, English-man, English man, Engleterra, Engleterra.

2. He cries Engleterra, Engleterra, and the Rogue speaks French.

3. You don't know, it may be English for ought you know.

1. A pox confound him: he's a French-man, you may know him by his points hanging at the wrong end of his breeches.

2. Away with him then, off with it, off with it, cut off his head, let it be cut off, though there were no more heads in England.

English. Dama me, and ram me, and sinke me, I am an English-man; what a devill doe you meane to doe with me, I am an English man, I tell you, what won't you

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- beleeve a body when a body tells you the right : Sound's I am an English-man ; hell confound you all for a company of Arie-wormes, Turkey-drivers, and Goat mongers ; what a devill would you have? won't you beleeve a body with a pox?

3. Pish, pish, you may see he is a French man by his locks and favours, and by his garnished cospeece.

Omnes. Away with him, away him, cut off his head.

He makes resistance.

English. What a pox are you , are all starke mad? is there never a wise man amongst you , that understands English.

They use violence to him, he raves.

A plague confound you all, a devills dogs couples, hags and furies light upon you , for a company of hog dogs, and cow-dogs, and vinegar-bottles.

Omnes. If he will not be ordered, hold up his head, and cut his throat.

*They hold him by the nape of the neck , he
spits in their face like a Cat, at last cryes Boh,
and frights them ; in which interim, comes
two English Merchants by and speaks.*

Merch. Hold Gentlemen, hold I pray you, he is an English-man, we know him.

3. You came in a very good time , or else you had found your Country-man shorter by the head.

Exeunt people

English. Shorter by the head ke they? hearlikins ; I was never in such a feare in all my life : a pox on them for a company of block-heads, they could not understand sense, nor heare reason ; a company of cuckoldly curs, take my head off : 'Tis more then they could do, or else it had not been on now.

Merch. You are well enough serv'd, you must be in the French-fashion forsooth , with your *all a mode de France*, with your locks, favours, and ribbons.

{ He cuts them off, and throws }
 { them away. }

English. Got by it: nay what had I like to have lost by it? for I am sure I had like to have lost my head by it which is more then ever I should have got by them as long as I had liv'd; but if they ever find me with your *all a mode, de France*, as you call it, I'll give them leave, not onely to cut off my head, but to make a devill of me when they have done, pray change cloaks, and hats with me.

{ The Merchants change cloaths with him, }
 { and were likely to lose their heads by the }
 { mistake. }

Enter a Citizen with a French mans head in one hand, and his faulchion in t'other.

English. Doe you heare friend; what's the price of your Cods-head?

Cit. You see what it is, 'tis a French mans head.

English. I pray let me have it, I will give thee mony for it.

Cit. What mony will you give me?

English. What mony will you aske?

Cit. A French Crowne.

English. What shall I crowne him now his head's off, hee'l be little the better for that.

Cit. You shall have it for halfe a Crowne.

English. What shall I give thee for that sword?

Cit. Yours.

English. Thou shalt, for this is an *all a mode de France* too, I'll endure um no more.

{ He changes his brave Sword for a }
 { rusty Semiter, passes two French- }
 { men over the Stage, and taking the }
 { English-man for an Italian, are in }
 { great fear. }

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Eng. Fie fo fum, hoh what are you French men?

1. *French, M.* rty, Mercy, Mercy, Mercy: Making pittifull faces.

*He knzeles, and the Englishman layes his sword over }
the first French mans head and says,*

Eng Rise up Sir Christopher Boon-grace.

2. *French,* A Sir, you be de good Englishman, mee can spreake little English, me have been one, two, three times in London, spare you me I pre.

English, Come thou shalt see London the fourth time *Hee takes him up by the chinne.*

You must not bee so fearefull, had I been so tame as you, whereas now I am a cutter off of heads, I might have cari-ed mine own head thus.

Enter Citizens passing the Stage.

Citiz. Who have you there?

Eng They are English Gentleman of my acquaintance.

Exeunt omnes,

French hugging the English.

SCENA. IV.

Enter a guard with attendants, V. Roy. Mass: On his right hand the Card; on his left hand under the same Canopie into the M.reato a monument of counterfeit marble, with articles inscribed behind a curtaine, The Curtaine drawn Trumpe ts sound,

Card. B Ehold the hierogliphiks of our peage and happiness, the landskipp of a joyful Country, the Map of a world of good that is derived unto us by this days happineffe, a monument which gives the best characters of the most wise King, and the most invincible Tomaso, here is the originall, peruse it and see if they agree not.

V. Roy. They agree to a word.

Mass.

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Mass. Tis well, but is't not pittie that the winde should blow upon it? or that the rayne should fall upon so faire a peece? or that the Sun should fade any of its coulours? or that bold and forward hands should sully any of its precious stones? or that time it selfe, should eate, this, with the rest of things?

Card. Most excellent Sir, I have given directions for a safeguard of Iron, whose bars shall be so high and sharpe, that not any shal be able to behold it, otherwise then at their due distance.

Mass. But *Card.* have you made any provision against Winde and Weather? that time it selfe may never fill her paunch with such bits, as are too great dainties for such a common feeder.

Card. What the most excellent *Tomaso* shall think further fit to the preservation of that which preserves so great farre, wee shall bee glad admirers of, but for my owne particular, I have given no further directions concerning it.

Mass. Then I shall, where's *Sig. Burlameo*.

V. Roy. It was nobly resolved on.

Enter Sig. Burlameo.

Mass. Burlameo I will have thee post to Egypt (hah doest thou stare upon me?) and there take patterne of the biggest Piramis that's there, and make me a shelter over this monument fifty cubits higher than the highest of all Egypt's Piramides, and that shall be a Penthouse to keep it from the rain, so that that greedigut Time shal find it the hardest bone to picke, that to feed upon it, it shall loosen the old teeth of aged time, that they shall drop out faster than these stones shall fall, and at last finde it meate of so hard digestion that time it self shall take so great a surfeit that it shall cease to be.

And dying yeeld unto eternity.

Omnes

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Omnes. Ah *Massenello*, ah *Massenello*, ah *Massenello*.

Card. This is enough to make him starke mad, lets follow his humour.

Burla. Sir I heare you, and having taken measure of your mind, Ile fit it to a haire,

Card. When the devill's blinde, your resolutions are like your selfe, great and glorious.

V. Roy. This age is happy that hath produe'd a man fit for so high and mighty undertakings.

Mass. Now nothing's left undone, but that which must be done, the marriage.

V. Roy. That shall be don, to morrow is the day.

That *Hymeneus* askes us leave to play.

Ex. Omnes.

SCENA: V.

Enter Vrsula and Bonella.

Vrsula. Is the Pothecary comming ? prethee go and fetch him to me, and stay you without.

Bon. I'll fetch him presently Madam, *Ex. Bonella.*

Vrs. My Mothers death I will revenge on her who was the cause of it, besides ten thousand hazards I will run, before Ile suffer her to prince it over me, that face which age could neither blemish nor years decay shall looke as pale as death can make it. I'd rather dye my selfe then she should live to be so much above me, and thought worthy of so high estate whilst I neglected, stand like a forelorne hope perishing for want of seconds, and why ? because I am blacke and shee's faire, many muffs : I thinke my penny as good as her's.

pepper is blacke and hath a good smacke,

And every man will it buy :

When Snow it is white, and lies in the dike

And every man let's it lye.

Enter

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Enter Apothecary.

Honest Apothecary I sent for thee to doe me a pleasure, I am so troubled with Rats in my chamber that I cannot be quiet for them, I pray thee teach me a way how I may destroy them.

Pot. Madam I will fetch you some Rats-baine immediately.

Vrsu. No, no, That's but a scurvy weak poyson, they'll take it and live so long after it, that they'll creep behind the Wainscot and get into holes, and there lye and sinke, able to poison any living soule, I would have a quick dispatching poyson that shall worke presently upon them that they shall not stir from the place.

Pot. Mad; I warrant you, Ile fetch you such a poyson as shall do the feate.

Vrsula Why well said honest fellow : here's for thy paines.

Pot. I thanke you Maddam, I never was so rewarded for killing of Rats, I pray God shee puts it to no worse use, but why should I suspect any thing, shee payes mee liberally.

Enter Prince with Flora in his hand.

Flora, My Lord, though I am not worthy to indent with you, or ingage you to the least promise, yet I may be in capacity of begging a favour at your hands:

Prince, What is it? and command what lyes within my power.

Fla. Here is my only sister, please you to take notice of her, and let her bee within your thoughts to make her happy.

Prince As happy shall shee bee as industry it selfe can find out wayes to make her so-

Vrsula. I thanke you Sir : I pray Sister keepe your happiness

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pinesse to your selfe, I doe not desire to be made happy by you.

Enter Porhecary.

She flings out of the roome, and takes the Pot. with her, remains in occulto.

Prince. What an unmannerly sister is this of rhine,

Flora. Sir, It may be she cannot brook this happinesse, wherewith you'r pleas'd to crowne me, and the more I seek to please her, the worse she is.

Prince. She's angry that she's so blacke, and thou so faire.

Flora. Not so my Lord, but it may be she is angry that a Prince of so great judgement should be so much deceived in his choice, as is able to verifie the proverb how that love is blinde.

Prince. *That love is blinde indeed that doth not see
Causes sufficient for loving thee,
Love is not blinde because he hath no eyes,
But cause he's guided by loves sympathies.
Love sees, and seeing loves but yet in part;
But he loves throughly that doth love by heart.*

But I'll tell thee my dearest dear, thy sister is mad that I am not a Sutor unto her, and I had as live be a Sutor unto the shades of night, and imbrace a moon-calf as to be linckt to such deformity.

Flora. Not so an't please your highnesse, shades oftentimes are sought for, when the brightest Sun-beames are eschewed; and though a black one please not you, she may be pleasing in anothers eye.

Prince. Come, come, I know and see her conditions to be as foule as is her visage, which is the index of her minde; 'tis thy goodnesse to say otherwise.

Flora. Well Sir, I that am so happy in your affections, have the lesse reason to be troubled at your dis-affection to any else, but indeed I must intreat you to love my sister, though.

Prince

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Prince. Well then, to morrow when she is my sister, I'll begin to love her, because she is my sister, though there be as much difference between thee and her, as between night and day.

Flora. Now your highnesse is pleas'd to speake of nights and dayes, when I thinke how that there is no day to come, onely one night to passe, before you make me beleewe, I shall be your wife; my joyes begin to be orewhelm'd with feares, and sadnesse takes possession of my heart, and outs those wonted lively apprehensions of the happinesse I heretofore conceived of being yours: surely my heart hath onely room for you to cast anchor there, and so possesse me of some hope, but not to bring the Sovereigne of a Sea of blisse; laden with the riches of your love into so poore a harbour.

Prince. Humility is the crowne of all other vertues, and thou crownest humility, with such a becomingnesse, that shee is true humility nowhere but in thee; and it deserves an exaltation, which it shall soon finde.

Exeunt omnes.

Manet Ursula.

Ursula. O how I burn to be reveng'd: my malice (it is true) Was first to one; now, in that one, to two.

Exit.

ACTUS V. SCENA I

Massenello steals in the night time unto his Monument to adore it, clad in his night Gowne.

Mass. **T**HUS in the night of secrecie have I stolne time from sleep, that I might sacrifice with uncontrolled devotion, unto the Idea of my minde [*He adores it.*] 'Tis a faire peece. They were fools who thought to make *Babels* Tower reach heaven by building of it high. Approaches made to heaven, doe not

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not consist in degrees of height, nor are steps, and rounds of staires, and ladders wayes to climbe up thither, heaven is every where where men, God-like behave themselves.

Fools were all the Wisemen seven;

This is it that reaches heaven.

Come wee'l be thought men no more ; I begin to be immortall the symptomes of mortallity begin to leave me, sleep : that dull and sencelesse block-head , begins to know his distance ; and to thinke himselfe no fit companion for us, hunger and thirst , begin to stand aloofe, and not to rush so boldly into our presence as they were wont. I will shake off them too , and then mortallity good night.

Alexander was an Ass^e, he would be deified, but never deserv'd it : he went with an Army of drunken Grecians, and so stumbled upon a victory ; but did he overcome a warlike Nation with a company of boyes and canes? did he frighten a company of daring Spaniards into their retreat , and ruin with the ruffling of a company of blew aprons ? he that will become a Deity , must not rest himselfe contented with the attributes of High and Mightry , but he must be wonderfull : And now I think on t, I will goe and bethinke my selfe (how I may teach the people how to flye , that things call'd walls , and towers, flankers, and counter-scarfes , pallisadoes, and stockadoes , fitter to keep hogs and dogs from entrance, then men indued with so rare a thing as is a soule, surely this invention was left for me to bring into the world; I'll make them as good keep out the wind, the light, the common ayre, as keep out me; and so I'll conquer all the world, and not like foole *Alexander*, lye downe and cry, because there be no more worlds to conquer. I'll goe and be merry with the gods , drinke their wine, sing catches with the angells, hunt the Devill, run races with the horses of the Sun , hob-naile my shoos with a couple of old Moons , and so drinke a pot at every one of the celestiall

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lestiall signes. It is decreed, nor shall thy fort, O Rome
resist my vow.

Exit furcns.

SCENA II.

*Enter Mariamma and Ursula, Mar. sets downe a cawdle, and
Ursula steals an opportunity to drop her poyson into it, Ma-
riam. calls her grandchild Flora.*

Mar. **D**Aughter, the Prince hath sent you word that he
is comming to fetch you to Church, eat this be-
fore you go, because state nuptiall ceremonies are very
redious.

Flora. Grandmother, I humbly thanke you: but I am
so strait lac'd that I cannot get any thing down.

Mar. Come, come, you shall; there's a fine trick in-
deed, you may chance wish you had.

Ursula. I, and repent it too, I'll assure you.

She takes, and eats part of it.

Flora. I doe not like it: there is something in it, that
hath not a good taste. — O I begin to feel it work,
Grandmother I'm poisoned.

Mar. How poysoned? nay child I'll assure you there's
nothing in't but what is good; for I am sure I put all the
ingredients in't my selfe: you shall see me eat of it.

Ursula. Mother don't, you don't know what may be.

Mar. Don't: I'm sure there's nothing in't but good.

The Grandmother eats of it.

Flora. O my senses begin to fail me, and this poysonous
drug begins to worke upon my vitalls.

Mar. Cursed cairisse, what hast thou done, poysoned
thy Grandmother and thy sister.

Ursula. I told you that you should not eat of it, and yet
you would.

Mar. Why then thou confessest the murther.

Ursula

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Mrsula. I doe, but not of you, you might have chus'd,
now let us see in what fine pompe she'l go unto her wed-
ding.

Enter Prince with attendants.

Mariam. Here's the murthereffe lay hold on her.

She is laid hold on.

Prince. What's the matter? [*Flying upon her*]

Mar. Poysoned, and I roo by that infernall hag.

She falls down.

Prince. Furies light upon her, O my dear *Flora*, run,
and without there is a Padua Doctor, bid him come hi-
ther quickly, quickly, quickly. O my deare *Flora*, she
breaths, she's alive, she's warme. O helpe, helpe, helpe,
for the Lords sake.

Enter Doctor.

Now Doctor shew your skill, and be renown'd for ever-
more.

Doctor. Sir, I have an antidote that if it hath not roo
much wrought upon the vitals, it will recover her; how-
ever, it will fetch her to her senses againe for a while.

He puts it into her mouth.

So it will dissolve of it selfe, hold her up.

Prince. She begins to looke up already.

Flora. Dost thou know me? O I will punish that black
devill with a hundred tortures.

Flora. No my dear Lord, let not my sifter be put unto any
tortures for my sake; for I forgive her with all my heart,
and thanke God that he hath given me so much sense be-
fore I dye, as to make it my last request to you, that
you would do so too. I was once entring into the finest
place that ever was seen; such fine flowers, such rare
musicke, such glorious creatures! and the door was open
for

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for me; and all, and my thought some body pull'd me back
and told me that one would speak with me? was it you.

Prince; Deare heart it was I, would you not willingly if
it lay in your power, forbear that place a while for my
sake?

Flora Though you are the finest man in the world, yet
you are not so fine as any there, but I pray don't you doe
anything to my Sister, don't disgrace her.

Prince, She hath poisoned her Grandmother too, here
she lyes.

Flora; I am sorry for it, why would you use so much di-
ligence to recall me, and extend no charity to her.

Doctor. Sir, it doth her hurt to talke so much, a little
sleep will doe her good, if any thing, and gentle musicke
would be requisite if it may be had;

Prince, Yes, call for the musick that was appointed for
our nuptiall feast, and let them change their note, to sad
Eligies. Carry that *Cerberus* bitch out of my sight, and
let her be cut into a thousand peeces, and cast to dogges.
aside:

Vrsula, I stand your fury, swell untill thou burst,
I am beforehand with you, do your worst.

Musicke plays, A song.
the sleeps, he weeps,

O Yee Gentle powers above,
What are you your selves but love?
Fitty lovers in distresse,
Helpe us, helpe us more or lesse;
And we'll sing you, your due praise;
If not yeares, yet give us dayes.
If you will not grant these things,
Doe but give my spirit wings.
And see how glad my soule with hit
Will be to leape out of her skin

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*In life or death I care not whither,
So we two may be together.
If I ha'nt deserv'd such grace,
Give me leave to buy a place,
To be where she'll be by your doome,
I'll give a Kingdome for a roome.
Crown and Scepter, Throne and Ball
Let me have her, and take all.*

She awakes, the musick ceaseth.

Flora O Sir I must bid you farewell,

Prince, Stay a little my dearest *Flora*, I will marry thee
in spite of death, that when I meet thee in another world
I may claime thee as one that was sometimes mine. Priest
do your office: stay a while, go fetch the murderesse, that
I may doe it in spite of envy.

Servingman, Sir she is dead.

Prince, Bring her in dead.

Serving. Sir She is cut in peeces.

Prince, Bring in the peeces.

Serving. Sir they were throwne to the dogges, and the
dogs have eaten them.

Prince, Let me have the dogs brought in, for by all thats
sacred.—— *Flora makes signes to speak with him.*

Omnes, Sir she would speake with you, she feels her self
departing.

Prince, What would my dearest have with me.

Flora. O Sir, I feele my selfe now going to the place
from whence you called me backe, doe so no more for cha-
rity sake, I gladly would have lived yours I must confesse,
but I am happier in this, that it thus lies in my power to
expresse a fitter tribute of my love to you, rather thus to die
your Martyr, then to live your wife, like *Icarus* I fly'd,

And soard too high, fell downe and di'd.

Exit Vita.

Enter

the Tragedy of Massanello. 67

Enter Massanello furiens.

Mass. Where are these fools that will, and won't bee married: why don't ye come away, they all stay for you?

Prince. O Sir, your dewill daughter hath forbid the Banes.

Mass. What's here to doe, my mother and my daughter dead? who durst do this? that death himselfe (had I forbid him) durst not do it.

Prince. Your owne daughter, poisoned your owne mother, and her owne Sister.

Mass. Where is she, she shall have justice.

Prince. That is done already.

Mass. How, justice done already, are you turn'd justiciary? I thought there had been no more Justices but my selfe.

Prince. I thought according to the Articles of our agreement, you were to become a private man, and to have nothing to do with justice businesse.

Mass. I tell thee thou Prince of Darkenesse, I am immortal.

Prince. I will not dispute with you in that argument, only give me leave to take away this relique, that I may pay the tribute of mine eyes thereto, and performe the last kind office of a lover, in seeing her honourably interred.

Mass. Why didst thou love her truly? wouldst thou have been married to her?

Prince. Would you be wedded to your wil, —

Mass. Nay, if thou lovest her but halfe so well, take her and much good do thee with her.

Exeunt omnes with the Corps. Mass. Mass.

Mass. My mother dead, my wife dead, my daughter dead, all dead? why now I stand by my self like the popular star, fixt in his seate, and all the heavens of great and little ones do move about me. Me thinks that presumptuous boy began to talke of articles, doe they thinke that he be confin'd wth articles, the sun may be confin'd within his tropicks, the

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Sea may be confin'd within its bounds, the earth may be confin'd in a circle: but *Tomaso*, cannot, will not bee confin'd: He therefore goe, and presently confound, that presumptuous monument that dares confine *Tomaso* within any tearmes, had it root fixt in the very center, I would pluck it up: or did the articke and antarticke poles, strike through it as staves to hold it up, I'de cast it downe, I'de have my words law, my will reason, my pleasures observed, and my commands obeyed, I do not like this *hoc nihil indeclinabile*, I'de have *ut sunt Divorum, Mars, Baccus, Apollo, Virorum*, O I love to be like one of these thundring gods. I'de tell you what I'de begin a new world, and if men wo'nt follow me it is no matter, it is but to teach foxes how to speake, they have cunning and sublety enough, Lyons have strength, and valour, horses courage, dogs diligence, and faithfullnesse. It is but teaching these the use of reason, and we will bid defiance to all mankind: and what is this to one that is immortal: but first I must down with this confining monument. I go about it.

Exit.

SCENA III.

Enter V:Roy: Pr: Card: Cap: of the Castle, Mar: Lo: Cham: Lo: Con: &c.

V:Roy: **W**EE are all resolved to honor that faire body parted from as faire a soule, with as great solemnity as if shee were my owne daughter, or my owne sonnes wife.

Pr: O Sir, the honour of those rich jewells which were ingaged within this breast that's now turned to earth; cannot be let downe, or an inventory taken of halfe the goods she had there laid up in store, were all men in the world registers, the world paper, and the Ocean incke, The pens would scrawle the paper, and the paper drink The Inckie Ocean up: the worke unfinish'd lye: And a thousand pities call for new supply.

Card:

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Card. We all contribute sorrow to your sufferings, and pray we may not suffer too much with you.

Great knocking without.

V. Roy. Goe know the reason of this noyse, *Exi.* I pray that all be well, the fellow was mad enough before, and it may be this will make him ten times worse.

Card. I 'tis no matter, and if he be; if the people be not all mad.

Enter Lo. Con. with Bakers, Brewers, Butchers, &c.

Lo. Con. I have brought you a great many of discontented people, who seem to be as much displeased with the times as we; I thinke we shall be very good company together.

V. Roy. Friends speake your mindes freely, we give you leave.

Bakers. Then Sir know; this *Tomaso* is mad: stark mad: he runs up and downe the streets, striking every man, that comes in his way; has thrown downe the Articles, will stand to nothing, breeds confusion, and turnes all topsie turvy.

V. Roy. This is the Idoll which ye first set up, and then ador'd, now ye know the difference, betwixt a golden Scepter, and an iren rod.

Butch. I but a pox confound him, he made us beleeve such strange stories, and we see nothing performed, wherefore we are come unto you in the behalfe of the rest of our fellow Citizens to make our grievance knowne, and to crave your assistance for our redresse.

V. Roy. Alas how can I help you!

Butch. Nay Sir, we'l helpe you: and our selves too, and you'l but give us leave.

Card. My Masters, it was your own fault that I brought you to this, and it must be your owne verue telling you

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out of it againe; he is of your owne making, and now you would faine be rid of him if you knew how.

Butch. Yes we know how to be rid of him, and you'l give us leave.

V. Roy. How.

Bakers. Wee'l serve him as he serv'd us.

Butch. No, as he serv'd us.

Omnes. Ha, Ha, He.

V. Roy. About it then if you have the hearts.

Butch. I tell you Sir, he is as dead already to my thinking as a doore nayle. *Exeunt Bakers, &c.*

Card. In the interim by all means let the Secretary be sent for, as about some earnest businessse, lest he prevent the plot, and when 'tis done, that we may be sure of him.

V. Roy. My Lord, I pray will you take the pains.

Ex. Lo. Con.

Card. This is that which I was speaking unto you of, we must lay hold upon the present disgust of the people, and make it serve our turnes, these joyned together with the *Mercato* men, will make a good lusty party.

Ent Lo. Con. with Gen.

Lo. Con. Here is the Secretary, I met him comming to your Highnesse.

V. Roy. What is your pleasure Mr. Secretary?

Gen. Sir I am sent unto you in the behalfe of the people, who heare how that there is a great resort of Citizens unto the Castle, and those men of no good report.

V. Roy. And what then? what of that? what would you have?

Gen. They would know their businessse, and would not have you thus to countenance them; and farther, they would have you leave the Castle, and remaine with them for their security.

Card.

Card. What people is that which you are come from? they were people that were here, and of more loyalty and understanding then the people that have sent you hither. Your Master's mad already, and you are little better.

Gen. Well *Card.* ere it be long you shall think your selfe the maddest of the three.

Card. This villain must not goe alive out of the Castle, if he doe, hee'l spoyle the plot and us.

Card. whispers.

Gen. Sir, I desire your speedy answer.

V. Roy. Our answer is your dismission; you may be gone.

Gen. Is that all?

Card. Thou sawcie peece of insolence, darest thou contest with Majesty, be gone.

Gen. I go — but — remember this

Card: Let the fool go, hee'l be met with, I warrant you.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Capt; with a Guard,

Capt: Doe ye know the man?

Guard: Yes, here he comes.

Capt: That's he.

Enter Gennino.

Gen. Open the gate there, let downe the bridge.

Guard. What are you? I will not open the gate, I have no order for it.

Gen. Well you shall rue it ere it be long.

Guard. Doe you threaten the Kings guard? take that; *kills him.*

Gen. O I am kill'd.

Guard. It makes no matter, you should have a better tongue in your head then.

Gen. 'Twas not my tongue that made me thus depart, But 'twas this vile, and base, and treacherous heart.

Ex. vna. Exeunt omnes.

SCENA IV.

Enter Mass. into the Mercato looking wildly; all the people about him, after a long pause, he speaks.

Mass. Wonders! wonders! without all bounds and measures. Death and Cupid quartered together last night in the same room: Venus call'd up her boy betimes, time call'd death, present employment was for both: the more haste, the worse speed: death groping for his quiver in the morning, laid his hand upon Cupid's, and his eyes being out of his head, takes the boyes quiver for his owne: Cupid as blinde as he, took the deadly quiver in his hand, and dressing himselfe in the morning, in ordering his wings, disorders some of his feathers in brushing them against deaths head. Venus having intelligence that her son had got such a chamber-fellow, to prevent mistakings brings in the light of nature; Cupid whose feathers were not right, reaches and stretches out his wings, flutters, and claps them too and againe, and blowes out the candle: goe then as you are, said Venus to Cupid, Time laid the like to Death; both never rested from journeying till they came to my very doore, being come there, they both strove for priority; Death said, he scorn'd to give place to Cupid, because he was but a boy; and the boy answered him as prettily againe, that he scorn'd to be beholding to him, and so flew in at the window: By this unfortunate mistake, death who intended to strike me, flew my daughter; and Cupid that would have play'd his part with Flora, over acts his part with me: Here I have it, here I burne. I cannot say I swim in love, but I am over head and eares: But where shall I entertaine my Mistris? I will have all this great City contriv'd into one house, and the inhabitants shall leave being Citizens, and become officers;

its

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its no matter for their liberties, so they be my servants,
for that shal be their greatest freedom. Ile have my house
well furnish'd with Taxes and Rates, and hung about
with Sequestrations: For I must tell you, Sirs, I am be-
come immortall, and will make ye all Kings; but ye must
be rul'd by me, for ye shall see me flye in the ayre,
walke upon the water, run through the fire, hang up
the terrestiall globe, upon one of the Celestiall poles,
and it shall so hang by the secret invention, that all Sum-
mer long it shall swing towards the North, in Winter
towards the Southerne clime: so that both Summers
heat, and Winters cold shall be no more, but a sweet
temper all the yeare: nothing but Spring and Autumne,
pleasure and profit, shall ye have. This is the golden age
the Poets prophesied of. I tell you what, they never
sprinkled holy water over *Vesuvius* head; for if they had,
it would have quenched its flames. To morrow I am to
be married to *Dox Olympia*. I bid you to my wedding.
The triple Crowne's mine owne already; and me-thinks
I heare the keys jingling in my pocket. —

1. *Pco*. He talks extravagantly.

2. *Fco*. Hee's wild me-thinks.

3. *Pco*. Stark mad.

B. kers. Come downe.

Butchers. Come downe I say.

Mass. Come downe, why so I will come downe; Time
is to lose his fore-top, and Cupid is to be whipt; what
would you have?

Butch. Your head.

M'ss. Take it.

{ He thrusts out his head, and they cut }
{ off a false head made of a bladder fill'd }
{ with b'oud. Exit with his body. }

SCENA

SCENA V.

A Solemne funerall of Mass. in warlike manner passes over the Stage, Mass. open fac'd after the manner of the Italians lies carri'd upon a Beere, he makes crosses, blessing the people with a counterfeits right hand, that is directed by a Fryer who stands under the Beer; the people cry out wonderfull, wonderfull, he blesses us, he was a Saint, and dyed our Martyr; this was but a trick of the royall party, who shall know that there are a hundred Mallenelloes more in Naples.

Enter the funerall of Flora meeting them; the Prince chiefe mourner, the prophetick Hermise on his right hand, with all his friends, and attendants.

Maïor speaks.

Maïor. HERE they are, here they be, let's fall upon them, while we may, we have lost too many such opportunities; make ready my Masters.

Fr. advances. Gentlemen, what doe you meane?

Maïor. We meane to let you know, what tis to murder Mas. whose selfe alone was worth you all; 'twas but their hands that acted what your heads contriv'd, for which you shall soon suffer.

Fr. Let but these your executioners go with me to the grave; that I may but lay my dearest Saint to rest in peace, and then do what you please; and for mine own part, if I aske you life, let me not live; for as her death did give me sorrows life, so my death will ease my paine, and end my sorrow.

Ommes. He blesses us againe; O holy Saint!

Maïor. This was a Saint, not call'd a Saint, but as you see confirmed by wonder, and the hand of miracle.

Hermis. By the hand of an impostor. If you will be undeceived, you may look under the Beere, and you shall finde a Jugler playing the *Heus Pocus* with you.

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*He holds up the cloath and shewes the people
a Fryer underneath with his juggling in-
struments, and Massenelloes false arme dis-
covered.*

Her. If neither the lawes of God, nor the lawes of nature, or the Land, nor the rule of reason, yet let experience beare some sway, let palpable demonstrations worke upon you, what do you doe with eyes and eares, if you will not believe their intelligence? do you not see your selves coustened? Do you not see your selves puppet plaid into a new war? O returne therefore to your old obedience, & your hearts cannot desire more than your Prince will give you, what is past shall be forgotten, and forgiven, 'tis the false Clergy (my deare Citizens) who have contributed the fuel, laid it together, set live coales under it, and then have been the bellows to all those combustions, as if all mischeifes had been but so many exaltations of their braines, set on fire by the continuall motions and agitations of their tongues, witnesse this incendiary, O returne, returne! unto your Prince, whose armes were alwayes open to receive you into his bosome, whensoever you should make it, though but your last refuge.

*The people cry a King, a King, a King, fall
upon the Fryer, and beat him to death, throw
down the body of Massenello, saying, his sou-
sic dust shal not be carried into the sepulchers
of Kings.*

V. Roy Wel then good people, since 'tis so with you, you and the children that are yet unborne shall have just cause to say this was a happy day, and ye shal soon find the difference between a suppositious and a natural parent: Al things shall be so forgot as if they had not been, And perchance We'll laugh our follies out of countenance.

Omnes, Vita il Re di Spaine, vita, vita, vita.

Excusit Omnes shouldring and affronting the Mayor.

Ent. r

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*Enter a Herald at armes with Trumpeters on each side of him.
Trumpets sound, Heralds proclaime.*

To all persons of what degrees and qualities soever, is
proclaime a generall pardon by the molt ———

[*Miltenello revives, and starts up, speaks.*]

Mass. Ha, whose that, that talkes of a general pardon?
the word revives me, and hath brought me my soul again,
and hath fastened once more unto this clog.

Your pardon, and Ile speake the Epilogue.

Epilogue.

L Et Kings beware how they provoke
Their Subjects with too hard a Yoke,
For when al's done, it will not doe,
You see they breake the Yoke in two :
Let Subjects no rebellion move
On such pretences least it prove,
As sad a thing, (which God forbid)
And fatall as to us it did.
Much blood spilt, great battails won,
Our treasure spent, and nothing done.
Least fooles the wise ones do deride,
Gentles foot it, beggars ride,
Lazy Lubbers get the riches,
Women preach and weare the britches,
Lest vengeance fall as did on me
Vndone ; and my posterity,
Help'd and succour'd from all parts
Supported by the peoples hearts.

Riches

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Riches, honours made me glad :
Pride and glory made me mad,
Madnesse made me do such things
The people wish'd they had their Kings
The King assures them acts of grace,
Here they leave me in the place.
And like Acteon ('t may be se'd)
By my owne dogges I'me worried.
Fond men be rul'd, play not with Kings,
With Lyons claws, nor Serpents stings.
For Rebellion, and treason;
Rots your name, and outs your reason,
Could all the traytors that are dead,
But rise----they'd say-----as I have sed.

FINIS.